WANDERLUST

The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Collection of North Caroliniana

CB
R463r

This book must not be taken from the Library building.

OCT 30 '68

THIS TITLE HAS BEEN MICROFILMED

Form No. 471

"With one Grand Plunge I Grabbed the Rail of the Baggage Car."

(Wanderlust)

WANDERLUST

BY

ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 Broadway, New York
1913

Copyright, 1913,
BY
BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

TO

HON. O. MAX GARDNER

AND

BERNARD M. CONLON,

THE COMRADES IN MANY OF THE ADVENTURES

RECITED HEREIN.

WANDERLUST

CHAPTER I.

WELL I remember my first escapade, and as I sit here to-night writing these memoirs, most vividly do I recall some thrilling experiences which occurred in the pine fields and on the sand hills of Florida. I was then about fourteen years old and had just returned to the preparatory college after a most enjoyable vacation. While at home I began to love the open life and to long for the grassy sarannaks, the orange groves and the pine belts of the southland.

I had been thinking of running away for some time, being of a roving disposition and adventurous spirit, which, at this particular time, was fostered by the reading of dime novels and tales of adventure.

One bitterly cold night in January I sat by the fire and read of Jesse James and his desperate gang of outlaws until midnight. Eighteen months' confinement in college with the check rein taut was more than the embryo hero could possibly stand.

The clock struck twelve as I closed my book, and, reaching over, I stirred up the fading embers. I sat there and thought of the desperadoes of whom I had been reading, how heroic it would be to fight them, to have so many exciting adventures and hair-breadth

escapes. The embers were dead when I finally decided on my plan of action. Sitting down at the little writing table I wrote the following note:

My Dear Mrs. ——:

I have been thinking of running away for a long time. To-night I have made up my mind to do so. I leave for Charleston this morning on the two fifteen train. Please send my trunk home.

Yours very respectfully,

Jack.

I folded the note, addressed it, and left it lying on the table; then I arose, opened the door, and stole silently along the hallway and down the stairs out into the darkness and cold. My shoes I carried in my hand, but before stepping off the porch I sat down and laced them on again. It was two miles and a half to the nearest railroad. I hastened along the deserted highway and reached the station, just in time to purchase my ticket and board the train.

Two days later I stood on the wharf of the Clyde Line Steamship Company at Charleston, S. C., thinking of home, and the dear ones I had left behind. There I was, three hundred miles away from friends and acquaintances, and not one cent with which to purchase my next meal. The day before I had arrived at Charleston with just ten cents in my pocket, and a dollar Ingersoll watch. I had not been there more than two hours before I succeeded in selling my watch to a negro. It was my first watch, too, and boylike, I had been inordinately proud of it, but the adventurer must be fed and lodged, and so the valued timepiece was sacrificed.

Candidly, I longed to be back in college, for, no outlaw appearing in my immediate neighborhood, it seemed as though I had reached the end of my tether. After standing there on the wharf for some time, worrying over the situation and gazing over the blue waters of the Atlantic, new courage seized me.

I boarded a ship which was anchored by, and inquired for the second officer. Being told that I would find him on the upper deck, I proceeded thither and found the said individual giving orders to a greasy squad of sailors. Stepping up to him, I inquired if he would allow me to work my way to Jacksonville, Florida. He asked me if I had ever been to sea, and I replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, "be aboard by five o'clock this afternoon, and I will put you to work cleaning brasses."

We sailed at the set time, and in the afternoon of the second day out, while polishing brass on the railing of the upper deck, a man approached me and introduced himself as Captain Hastings. After a short conversation, he told me that he was in need of a young man on his farm, which was in Florida, and he concluded by asking if I would take a position with him. I asked him what kind of work I would have to do, what salary he would pay and where his farm was located. He replied that he would want me to carry the mail on horseback Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from the railroad station to his farm, a distance of thirty miles. He further added, that his farm was one hundred and fifty miles below Jacksonville, on Haw Creek, a

branch of the St. John's River, and that he would furnish a horse and give me twenty dollars a month. I jumped at the chance.

While talking with this gentleman the second officer came along and instructed me to go below and assist in washing dishes. I was glad to do this, for it was very windy on deck and I had already contracted a cold. The waiters on board the ship were negroes, one of whom I shall remember always for the little disagreeable encounter that took place between us. Southern born, I had been taught to make a negro respect me, and even in my menial position I could not suffer myself to be bulldozed. Every time he came in the dish-closet to empty his tray in the sink he would make some insulting remark, sneer and brush rudely against me.

I realized my position. Knowing that the odds were against me, I held my temper to the very last moment. I told him to mind his own business or else there would be trouble. At this remark, he slapped me in the face and said, "Don't talk to me, you poor white trash."

I did not attempt revenge at that moment, although the blood in my veins was running hot with anger, but waited for a suitable opportunity, and it was not long in coming. A few moments later, as he was walking through a curtained door, carrying a tray heavily laden with dishes, I turned and caught him squarely on the cheek with a big coffee cup, which caused him to drop dishes and all as he fell to the floor bleeding. This blow rendered him unconscious, and that part of the ship was put in disorder.

I thought the other negroes would mob me before I could make my escape, but, jumping through an open window, I gained the deck and ascended to the officers' quarters, where I presented myself to the captain, asking for protection and telling him what had occurred. He listened kindly, and taking pity on me, a boy of fourteen, he promised me protection until we arrived in Jacksonville.

This affair was the talk of the ship until we arrived in port, and just as we were anchoring I was told by the second officer that the negro intended having me arrested by the city officials. Becoming aware of this, I informed Captain Hastings, and he volunteered to see me safely ashore, and also to place me on board the "City of Jacksonville," a small steamer which was to carry us to Crescent City, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from Jacksonville, and fifteen miles from his home.

We left Jacksonville in the morning and arrived at Crescent City about six o'clock the same evening, where we spent the night. That day, as we were steaming up the St. John's River, I became hungry between meals, as boys generally do, so I went to the chef and traded a little imitation diamond ring for a couple of ham sandwiches.

I had not written home since my departure, consequently, that night at Crescent City I indulged in a second commercial adventure. I traded a gold watch chain for a two cent stamp, paper, and envelope and informed my people of my whereabouts and of my future intentions.

We put up, so to speak, at one of the small hotels

of the town, for the night, and I bunked in a room with two men who were accompanying Captain Hastings to his turpentine farm, where they were going to serve as overseers. This was their second winter on his farm, and before going to sleep that night they told me many stories of the big plantation, its hundreds of negroes, horses, cattle, turpentine stills, and alligators. They took special delight in reciting the brutal murders committed by the outlaws, who at that time were roaming throughout the section. All of this did not frighten me, however, nerved as I was by home-sickness, and the fear of finding myself unromantically lodged in jail.

At Crescent City the next morning, Captain Hastings' private launch met us, and we moved down Haw Creek to his place, arriving about noon. The same afternoon I made arrangements for board with Jim Hughes (a young married man), who had lived on the place several years and who was head stable man.

Monday morning I mounted the pony which was given me, and was off for the station. I reached the station late that afternoon, making slow time because the roads were very bad and swampy, and by sunrise the next morning I was five miles on my way back to the farm with saddle bags full of mail and packages.

The pony was a sturdy little rascal with shaggy mane and tail. His name was Billy, and the more I rode him the more I liked to have him carry me swiftly to and from the mail station. Whenever I went into his stall to feed him he would always put

his shaggy head over my shoulders and whinny as if to say, "I'm ready for it."

I stayed around the ranch a few weeks until I tired of the monotony of those daily rides, and even Billy could not hold me. So one morning I gathered my few belongings together, tied them up in a little brown sweater, bade all goodby and proceeded on foot to Barbersville. I took to the road early in the morning, that I might have ample time to make the distance in two days.

The road was a sandy one, leading through desolate, lonely woods, the same road over which the little pony had borne me many a time. It was difficult walking, for there were many swamps and miles of sand roads. I plodded silently and slowly on my way, arriving at the half way camp about dusk. This was a lumber camp, established temporarily, and I knew some of the boys, as I had been accustomed to pass there on my way to the post office. Often I used to make small purchases in Barbersville for the boys at this camp, and they were glad to shelter me over night.

We sat around the fireside, relating stories. By sunrise the next morning I was on my way, and at four o'clock that afternoon I strolled into town. I walked down the railroad track to where an empty box car was standing, and after gaining an entrance I proceeded to change my socks and trousers, for I had braved more than one stream between the camp and the station.

Folding my wet garments in the brown sweater, I strapped it on my shoulders, and walked down the

railroad track, a hike towards Sanford. Nightfall came shortly, and I became hungry.

Through the dusk I sighted a small house, so I left the track and struck out across the marshy lands, towards it. After crawling under several wire fences and beating off a dog with my stick, I finally arrived at the door. I rapped, and at my call there appeared an old lady. I informed her of my predicament, and she went to the cupboard and brought forth a big chunk of meat and a piece of bread, which was eagerly accepted, I can assure you. I thanked her kindly, and turned back to the railroad.

By this time it had grown dark, and I was unable to find my way. I walked for at least half an hour, and then realized that I was lost. I stopped and took in the situation. The light I could no longer sight. There I was, lost in the swamps of Florida. What was I to do? To my right I sighted through the darkness an object which looked like a mound of some description. On investigating it proved to be a haystack. This, indeed, afforded a great treat, for in the side of it I burrowed a hole where I buried myself for the night. Being tired and sore from my two days' journey, I did not move from my comfortable nest until fully three hours after sunrise.

I yawned, stretched my rested limbs, rubbed my eyes, and crawled out of my warm, cozy nest into the sunlight. Strapping on the sweater, with its contents, I struck across the field for the railroad, and hit a slow pace over the cross-ties down the track.

Boys are always hungry, and justly so when they they haven't had breakfast. Sighting a little cottage which sat back only a few rods from the railroad, I strolled up to the back door and rapped. A lady opened it to me, and when I told my tale, she invited me into the kitchen, where I sat down at a table, and relished a nice breakfast. Goodness! but it did taste good. As I sat there devouring my food, she asked me many questions concerning myself. This put me in a serious mood, and when she began talking about home and those I had left behind, a great lump formed in my throat, and a big cruel tear rolled down my cheek. I did not wish to let her know she had touched a tender cord, so I said, "There is something in my eye," at the same time rubbing it and drying the tears with my handkerchief. She was a good woman, and those soft, tender words would have brought tears to the eyes of a hardened criminal, much less a very youthful modern soldier of fortune.

She became interested in me, and related the sad story of her son. Only a few months previous, he had run away from home and had been killed while riding on a freight train in Georgia. She pointed out to me his lonely grave, which was at the edge of a little clump of pines, just across the field. My heart went out to her in warm-felt sympathy, and bowing my head, I uncovered and went out into the lonely world, thinking of that poor heart-stricken mother.

About noon I walked into a typical swamp town, the one room station being the principal building, and drew myself up on a pile of cross ties, just

across the track. There I sat in deep meditation. Two or three little children who were playing in the station yard came over and stood looking and jeering at me. They ran, however, when I muttered several mild threats, and made as though I was going to pursue them. It was not long before I heard the whistle of a locomotive in the still distance.

Presently, the big engine, with its train of passenger cars, pulled into the station and drew up at the water tank. When it stopped, I descended from my perch and walked down the track. I was afraid to board the blind baggage, the space between the mail coach and the coal car, for a number of the train crew were standing around. When the tank had been filled and the engine began to draw away, my heart sank within me, for I thought I had lost an opportunity to ride.

As the big engine puffed by, the engineer saw me, a poor little kid away out in the wilderness, standing by the track, and he motioned me to jump aboard. I ran, caught the rod on the side of the mail coach, and swung myself into a seat on the platform, right behind the coal car.

It was one hundred miles to Sanford, so the mile posts read, and I was determined to stay aboard. I unbuckled the sweater from my shoulder and threw it up on the coal. Around my neck I wore a big blue kerchief and on approaching a station, I would turn my black felt hat up in the front, perch myself on the coal car in full view, there escaping the observation of any one, for officers at every station would pass me by believing me to be one of the train crew.

About five o'clock that afternoon, the big locomo-

tive drew us safely into Sanford. Before pulling fairly into the station I yelled good-by to the engineer and swung lightly to the ground. He looked back and I waved again.

Realizing that town folks are not wont to help one in search of food and shelter, I began my march towards the outskirts and into the country. At a farmhouse about two miles out, just as dusk was clothing the world in darkness, I secured shelter for the night. I told the man of the place I was in search of work, so he took me in, with the provision that I should do a few odd jobs the next morning. With a hot steaming supper under my belt, I sought my bed and was soon wrapped in slumber.

I did about two hours' work the next morning and then walked back to Sanford, where I secured a place as help boy on one of the fishing boats. We stayed out on the first trip three days, and I was so desperately sea-sick all the time I was of little help to them. The master of the boat was a good old fellow and he paid me for my three days just the same, one dollar and fifty cents, half a dollar a day. With this fortune in my jeans, I felt very prosperous, and strolled down the main street, where I bought half a pound of mixed candies for five cents. As I walked casually along the main street chewing the sweets, a pair of tan shoes for one dollar and twenty-five cents caught my eye. These I purchased and went triumphantly squeaking out into the street.

It was difficult to catch a freight or passenger train out of Sanford as all trains were closely watched, so I decided to foot it to the first station where southbound trains stopped for signals and orders. This I

understood was about ten miles. I struck up a lively pace down the track, through the work yards, out of the city limits and into the open country.

The big heavy tan shoes I had recently purchased felt comfortable and evidently were made for walking cross-ties, for the cinders in the track could not cut through the heavy soles. I made good time on this piece of road-bed, for the ties were just about the right distance apart to fit my steps. Along the railroad there were numberless orange groves with loads of large luscious oranges, and occasionally I refreshed myself. Finally, I came to a big orange grove. A number of the limbs were hanging so near the track, one passing on a train could almost have plucked an orange from the coach window.

I filled my pockets with fruit, and noticing a little pond a few steps from the track, I went over and sat down by its border, on a springboard, one end of which was made fast to the bank. There I sat and ate oranges to my heart's content, and never did stolen fruit taste sweeter. The sun was now almost perpendicular, and its golden rays beating profusely down on my top knot, put me in the notion of taking a swim.

Taking off my clothes, I plunged from the end of the spring-board and paddled around in the lucid and refreshing water. The bottom of the lake was sandy and cool, and it felt awfully good to my feet, especially after a walk over cross-ties in those new tan shoes. I paddled around the water enjoying every moment to myself till I saw several little alligators around me, then I made a bee-line for the land. Just as I was nearing the bank a big ugly looking alligator

"Gee Whiz! He was big Enough to Swallow me Whole."

(*Wanderlust*)

bobbed his head up out of the water directly in front of me cutting off escape. For a moment I was so stunned with fear I could not move. There was that big ugly mouth with its even row of sharp white teeth. Gee whiz! he was big enough to swallow me whole, but he was not going to get a chance if I could help myself. Realizing my danger, I stood perfectly still and didn't move a muscle. I couldn't. My heart seemed to stop beating. Without my mind's command my body plunged forward, and before I knew it I was standing on the bank, shivering with fright.

The alligator wiggled over to the other side of the bank and lay in the sun while I made ready to put on my garments. This indeed did not consume much time, for my costuming was scant. As I was about to depart from the field of my recent adventure, a native black informed me that I was intruding on private grounds and I must "git out."

Emerging from the tall tropical bushes which were on either side of the railroad track, I saw a man standing there, and I was not long in learning that he was the owner of the grounds on which I had been intruding, and when I told him of my adventure with the alligator in the pond, he laughed heartily. In reciting my story to him he interrupted me by asking if I had thought of Jonah and the whale when that big pet alligator of his was staring me in the face. Well, not on your life!

I learned that the station was only a ten minute walk, and I made a bee-line for it. I soon arrived, and behind some box cars I sat down to await the train, but, hungry again, I stole over to a small

house nearby and secured a snack from the good housewife. With the food wrapped in a piece of newspaper, I returned to my seat behind the car, partook of my noontime meal, finishing off with mixed candies.

The first train that came along was a local freight. I hid myself between the two front box-cars, but before the train drew out I was discovered by the conductor, who made me leave my perch on the couplers. He inquired where I was bound for, and I promptly told him I lived in Orlando and was trying to make my way home. I asked him to allow me to work my way and to this he consented. The freight was soon off and I was on my way once more. At stations I helped the train crew to load and unload the freight.

About five o'clock that afternoon we reached Orlando, where I spent the night in an empty box-car. Kissimmee, a distance of thirty miles, was the next town of any size on the line to Tampa, so I decided to walk the entire distance.

Thirty miles when accurately measured is no short walk, and especially so when over cross-ties and cinders. Well, it was a long, long walk, and before I reached Kissimmee that evening I was both hungry and tired. Thirty miles! It seemed like sixty! Along the route I met several tramps, but did not stop to talk with them. At a house I asked for food, but was refused, the woman telling me that half a dozen of my kind had been there that very day with the same request. On insisting, she sicked the dog after me, and I lost no time in clearing out. After covering about twenty-five miles of the journey my

shoes began to hurt and blister my feet so badly I had to take them off and finish the journey in bare feet. Here another trouble arose, for the sharp cinders cut me. This was slow walking, but it was a great deal better than walking in new shoes.

At dusk I limped slowly into Kissimmee with the new tans swinging idly on my arm. I truly felt tired and footsore. I was so hungry I could scarcely pull my weary limbs along the highway. Arriving at the station, I left the track and made my way to the main street. I walked casually into a sixth rate restaurant, and after some bargaining with the proprietress, an old maid from the swamps, I succeeded in inducing her to give me supper in exchange for the shoes I carried under my arm.

"The regular price of a meal here is twenty-five cents," she informed me, and at least she reckoned she would let me eat, provided I would bring around the quarter the next day and redeem the shoes. I handed her the shoes and then seated myself at the table.

I ate a hearty meal of wholesome food, and before I finished I think the old maid regretted her exchange. When finished, I strolled over by the little stove in the dining room and sat down. An old fellow sat just opposite me, and I was just about to ask him if he would know me in the future, when he broke the silence by inquiring, "Where are you from, sonny?"

"Why, I am from North Carolina," I replied.

"Well, what you a doing away off from home down here in this country?"

"Just out for my health," I rejoined.

"You must be taking a natural cure. I see you ain't wearin' no shoes," he blurted, laughing heartily at what he thought a great joke.

To this remark I made no answer, and he again broke the silence by asking several questions; as to whether or not I smoked, chewed, drank or had any bad habits. I told him I did not smoke, drink, chew, nor stay out late at nights, and as for my bad habits that was for others to judge. The old fellow seemed to be rather interested, and before our conversation ended he offered me a job out on his sheep ranch, five dollars a month and board.

Considering his proposition a few moments, I accepted, calculating that the experience itself would be well worth my while. That night he redeemed my shoes. The following afternoon we drove out to his ranch, some fifteen miles from town. He lived in a big log house and, all in all, he was very comfortably fitted up.

My employer, Mr. Heines, conducted a general feed and sale stable in Kissimme, so the next day he returned to town leaving me there with the members of his family to help around the house, doing odd jobs, such as cutting wood, feeding the pigs and cleaning up the barnyard.

Mr. Heines had an unfortunate brother who was a lunatic, and I had to sleep in the same room with him. This did not suit my fancy very much, so about the fifth day I told Mrs. Heines I wanted to leave. I stayed, however, till the following Monday morning and went back with Mr. Heines, who had come out to spend Sunday with his family.

The week before, "the boss" had received a carload

of Texas mules, and for the next few days after my return to town I was engaged in breaking them under saddle. Before I left, I was declared one of the best riders in town.

During my stay in Kissimme I made the acquaintance of a young fellow by the name of Ed James, an engineer on one of the trade boats which plied over Lake Kissimme, where its captain traded with the Seminole Indians. Ed told me that if I wished he would get me a place as cabin boy on his boat and that I could make the next trip around the lake with them. This offer I accepted willingly, and a few days later found us steaming around the lake heavily laden with goods of all kinds which Captain Hall traded to the Seminoles for furs, dried fish, shells, and hides, as well as baskets and other little things made by the Indians who inhabit the swamp lands of Florida.

On this trip I served as cabin boy, and it was a most enjoyable two weeks' outing.

After my return from the cruise on the lake, I spent a few days loitering around the town, and then made my way to Tampa. At Tampa I worked several weeks on a fruit boat which ran between Tampa and Key West.

To make a long story short, I visited Miami, Tallahassee and Pensacola, finally arriving back at Tampa some weeks later. From Tampa I journeyed to Sanford via freight train de luxe, and at that place I succeeded in boarding a blind baggage on a passenger bound for Jacksonville. At Sanford I was standing by the track about a quarter of a mile from the station, when I saw the train slowly approaching,

but before it reached me it had increased to such speed that I was almost afraid I could not swing aboard. However, I determined to take my chance.

As the engine came steaming by I caught the handle rod of the first coach and swung myself into a position just behind the coal car, and there I rode, standing upright. The engineer and fireman both knew I was on, for the engineer had seen me as I swung into position. Part of the time I rode sitting up on the back of the coal car, and part of the time I rode behind the coal car, standing up and holding myself steady with the iron rod which ran along behind the rim of the car.

We stopped at a little station called Warner, and as we drew up to get water, I suddenly remembered that an old friend of mine, Mr. White, a lawyer whom I had met at a summer resort several seasons before, lived there. By the side of the track I saw a couple of negroes sitting on a pile of cross-ties, and of them I inquired about my friend. They told me they knew Mr. White and that he lived in a house not far distant, at the same time pointing out a big residence. Quickly I drew from my pocket a letter which was addressed to me, and after taking the letter out of the envelope, I handed the latter to the negro and asked him to give it to my friend, requesting him to tell Mr. White that I, the person whose name was written on the envelope, had passed through that afternoon. He promised me faithfully that he would, and I afterwards learned that he had.

The sun was sinking behind the pine fields and dusk was slowly clothing the earth in its folds as

we rode into Palatka. The train pulled in, and as fate would have it, the engine drew up only a few yards beyond the depot. As we passed slowly by, I saw a policeman on the platform of the station and, quick as a flash, I jumped from where I was standing on the rear of the coal car to the platform of the baggage coach, and crouched, to prevent his seeing me as the train passed. I hid myself on the very bottom step of the car, opposite where he was standing, but evidently he saw me jump from my perch, or else he saw the top of my head as we passed, for we had no sooner come to a standstill, when, peeping from my position, I saw him coming around in front of the engine.

I was determined not to be caught after having ridden so many miles in safety, so I left the steps quickly, walked to the engine, and drawing my handkerchief from my pocket, I began rubbing vigorously the brass rods and pipes on the side of the locomotive. When the officer stepped around the engine to where I was standing, he looked at me for a second and then asked me if I had seen a "bum" coming around that way. I told him that I had seen a fellow jump off the steps of the car only a second before and walk towards the rear of the train. Evidently he thought me one of the crew, the way I was working on that brass, for he beat it towards the rear of the coach in search of his man.

Another moment's wait and we were again on our way. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at Jacksonville, and before I left the coal car, the dear old engineer with whom I had ridden all day, called me

to him and handed me a quarter, with which to buy supper.

I walked out of the big station into the streets and soon fell into a quarter restaurant, where I purchased supper and then began to hunt for a place to sleep. No one proved a good Samaritan, so I had to content myself with an empty box-car, but this was not as bad as one might imagine, for it was strewn with bits of hay, which I gathered up in a pile and made for myself a fairly comfortable bed.

The next morning while walking down the main street of Jacksonville, wondering where my next meal was coming from, a gentleman stepped up to me and remarked, "Well, you look as though you might have slept in a hay barn, young man."

At this I did not take offence, but smiled, telling him that I really had slept in the hay that night, and that I was now looking for a place to get something to eat. As luck would have it, he took me over to a fairly decent restaurant and bought me a steaming hot cup of coffee and breakfast. He sat there and chatted with me while I devoured my food, and when I had finished I thanked him most heartily for his kindness and bade him good-by. I hung around Jacksonville several days living on "hand outs" and sleeping at nights in the empty box-car.

I tried to catch a train out of there, but found them so closely watched that it was impossible, so I undertook another walk.

It was twenty miles from Jacksonville to Way Cross, and one bright morning I set out on foot.

By then the tans were well worn and the walking easy. About noon time I met another of my

apparent caliber and he happened to be eating beside the track when I arrived. He had a fire kindled and was preparing his meal in a tin can. I sat down and soon we were partaking of hot coffee and cold biscuits.

He had a letter in his pocket which he had written to his people in Connecticut and I gave him postage. He asked me where I was headed for, and I told him I was on my way home, and when I got there I was going to stay, for I was damn tired of tramping around.

When he heard me through he said, "Do you know what your folks will say when you get there?"

"No. What will they say when I get there and tell them I have come home to die?"

"Well," he said, they will say, 'You lie, boy; you have come home to eat.'"

That night about dark I reached the little town of Way Cross. A few negro huts, a post office, a general store, and one fairly decent house, which stood just across the track from the depot. At this house I requested food and the lady gave me a splendid lunch. I asked the station master if I might sleep in the waiting room that night, and he told me I could. I was tired from my long walk, so it was early in the evening when I sought my sleeping place. I lay down on the bench and snoozed soundly till daylight next morning.

Feeling somewhat rested, I arose and went out on the platform. I walked around to the side of the station and there lay, close up to the house, three men who were formerly with a circus in lower Florida and were now making their way to their homes in

Baltimore. Within a short time a freight arrived and drew up at the water tank. I arranged with the engineer to let me ride to Uleaf in consideration of my helping the fireman.

At that time most of the roads in Florida used pine wood instead of coal, so I busied myself in helping the fireman. From Uleaf I rode an empty box car over to Fernadina. By the time I arrived at Fernadina I was getting mighty tired of tramping around and wanted to get home pretty badly. I had three cents when I arrived there and with this I purchased crackers and walked down on the pier where I gathered up some oysters in the shell and thus fared sumptuously.

For some time I had been thinking of wiring home for money and that day I thoroughly made up my mind to do so. Strolling up the street I walked into the telegraph office and advised the young lady in charge that I wanted to send a telegram, charges C. O. D. She informed me that a telegram could not be sent without a deposit for she did not know me, and that the telegram might not be accepted at the other end and she would therefore have to pay for the message herself. I assured her that the message would be accepted, but could not convince her.

Half the day I spent in trying to get work but at every attempt, I was discouraged. That afternoon I made twenty-five cents in a local newspaper office turning the big wheel while the editor of the local *Bugle* fed the press. This quarter was my salvation, and after finishing my work I sallied forth to the telegraph office and planked over my money. The

young lady promptly dispatched a message for me which was worded as follows:

Want to return home badly. Please wire money.
JACK.

Night soon came, and I sought a lumber yard down by the wharf. I crawled up in the lumber pile and made my bed for the night. I did not sleep much, for I was thinking of home, how good a nice warm bed would feel and how glad they would all be to see me after months of separation.

The next morning I received twenty-five dollars and made ready to depart for home. I inquired of the ticket agent what my fare would be, and he told me "twenty-one dollars." This money looked too good to me to spend so foolishly, since traveling freight was so easy, I decided to hold the coin and ride cheaper. I caught a train out of there that morning, and at ten o'clock that night I arrived safely in Jacksonville after a rough ride on the rods of a freight. I went down to the docks and found one of the Clyde line steamers loading for Charleston. While the negroes were busily engaged in loading the freight I hid myself in the bottom and there awaited its departure. My hiding place was between some big boxes, and I knew I would not be discovered till after the ship had left port, so, feeling comfortably safe, I dropped off to sleep. When I awoke we were steaming northward. Just as I crawled from my hiding place one of the crew saw me and let forth an oath. He grabbed me by the nape of the neck and hauled me bodily up to the foreman who was standing nearby. I did not attempt to re-

sist at all, for he was a great, big, ugly devil and I was not going to take any chances on being disfigured at that time. The mate could do nothing more than set me to work, so to work I bent, and it certainly was over hard. From the time they caught me till we arrived in Charleston I worked like a slave, scrubbing decks.

Arriving in Charleston, that night I sought a lodging house, and the next day, after making a thorough toilet and purchasing a few clean clothes, I bought a ticket for my home in the mountains of Western Carolina. Here endeth the first adventure, and I returned, wiser of course, and somewhat disappointed, truth to tell, in not having captured a ruffian. However, I was glad enough to have saved my skin. How uncomfortable to have passed the remainder of my days in the somewhat contracted belly of the alligator.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW years later I entered the academic department of the State University, and I can say without blushing that I worked faithfully that year both in my studies and in athletics. When the summer came and the vacation months set in, I returned home and began work on one of the dailies as a reporter, which position I held until college opened the following fall.

During my sophomore year I succeeded in making the 'varsity football and track teams, and as a consequence I was pretty much the man by the end of the season. The same year I was elected athletic editor of the *Tar Heel*, the college weekly, which I held down fairly well, as I had had some previous training in the newspaper field.

Spring came, and in due time summer and vacation days would follow, but before the spring had fairly set in I began to formulate plans for the summer months. There are numerous ways by which a young man may spend a pleasant summer, but I think by far the most interesting and adventurous one is a trip across the Atlantic on a regular old cattle-boat. I decided to make the trip across with two college chums. Arriving at Newport News, Va., two days after we had finished our examinations, we were not long in completing our arrangements for a trip on the cattle boat. The cattle exporter agreed

to give us each one pound, English money, and a return passage on one of the company's boats. This being satisfactory, we were instructed to be on board early the following morning, as the ship was due to sail by seven o'clock sharp. The night previous to our sailing we slept very little, so anxious were we for the morrow.

Awaking about four o'clock on the morning of our sailing, we immediately proceeded to don the rough and ready clothes for this occasion. By the time our dress was completed we looked like graduated tramps or some other creatures of the same sort with the degree "Hell from Texas." Brownie with his blue bandanna, Dug with his old football jersey and corduroy trousers, and I with my boots and a sweater which had seen service for several years.

My headgear was most becoming, an old brown felt hat from which all the brim had been torn with the exception of a small part in front which served as a protection for the eyes. Each and every one of us realized that we were booked for a "rough and ready, lookout for number one" trip. We gathered up suit cases and made our way rapidly to the dock where the ship was lying in readiness. Seven o'clock found us safely aboard. After walking around the deck several times in search of an officer, we found the second mate, who, for the asking, readily permitted us to store our suit cases in his cabin. Three hours later we were gliding along the Virginia coast bound due northward, and by twelve o'clock land could no longer be sighted.

Our foreman, that is, the foreman of the cattle squad, Dave Smith, came on deck in the forenoon

and informed us that we need not come below till four bells that afternoon, as the other fellows who were experienced cattlemen, would attend to the stalling and roping of the steers, a tough job At noon our dinner was issued, but having eaten an unusually good breakfast we "really didn't care for anything," especially since the food was not over appetizing. After having examined the food, we pitched it over the side of the boat, telling the second cook that our dinner was enjoyed immensely,—and so it was, I presume, by the fish.

The Shenandoah was some three hundred and sixty feet in length by fifty in breadth. She had two decks, which were respectively the main deck and the cattle deck. The main deck was used for various purposes, the fore part being used as a promenade for the officers and passengers; the rear part was on this trip used as a sheep deck, while in the central part of the deck were the cabins. Directly underneath the main deck was the cattle deck. This is divided up into stalls, and in every stall there were four cattle. The stalls run along the side of the ship parallel to each other, and the intervening space is termed the alley way. This main alley was divided by more cattle stalls in the hatchways, consequently making two alley ways. Underneath the cattle deck in the big holes was stored our cargo, which was principally hay and corn. This being a slow steamer, she made about twelve knots an hour, but during rough weather her speed was diminished by something like five knots.

That afternoon all the cattlemen were ordered up to the steward's room, where we were each issued a

blanket, tin cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon. This completed our kit. As for food, we were each issued two pounds of brown sugar and two pounds of margerine; this was supposed to last one week. When eight bells sounded we three went below and there were put to work feeding cattle. First we rolled the bales of hay down the alleyway from one hatchway to another; then, after having cut the wires on the bales, we would shake it apart and scatter the hay along the edges of the stalls in the alley way. When the cattle had eaten about half of the hay we then began to "fork in," that is, to fork the hay out of the alley way into the troughs, and after this was properly done we swept clean the alleys. It was fearfully hot and stifling down there with the cattle; even with nothing on our bodies except armless gymnasium jackets, it was beastly warm. It was not a great while before the ship began to roll and rock, and we soon began to feel a little touch of seasickness, which was brought on so early by the heat and dust in which we were compelled to work. Before the setting of the sun I was leaning over the rail of the ship, deathly sick, and humming in my mind the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

All the cattlemen are supposed to sleep in the forecastle, situated in the rear end of the ship, on the cattle deck, just over, or, rather, to the left of the stern. This was a dark, damp, forbidding little room, with only a few small portholes to admit the light. It was fitted up with wooden bunks on either side, and in the centre of the room stood a greasy wooden table on which the cattlemen ate. Besides

being dark, damp and dingy, it was in the very part of the ship where the rolling was most perceptible, and if we had attempted to sleep there, we would, most assuredly, have had to tie ourselves in for fear of being rolled out of the bunks.

There were seven other cattlemen on the boat, and they did not seem to mind at all where they bunked or ate. We had investigated the forecastle that afternoon and found that we could not endure it. So, when darkness came and we had completed our day's labor, we quietly rolled up in our blankets with the ship's main deck for a mattress and our coats for pillows. It was not the least trouble for us to sleep, for we had slept none the night before, and, besides, we were weary from toil and sick from the sea.

The following morning at a quarter to six I was aroused from my peaceful slumber by Mike, a great big, strapping young Irishman, who was beating on my boot soles with a wooden paddle and bidding us "Git up," as it was time to begin watering the cattle. I was no sooner on my feet when I knew that my seasickness was still with me, nor did I recover from it for several days to come.

We usually finished watering the cattle about seven o'clock. The job of watering is the hardest and most tedious of all. Every head of stock has to be watered from a bucket, placed in the trough.

Each bullock will drink on an average three or four buckets of water every morning, so carrying from one hundred to two hundred buckets of water from a spot some thirty or forty feet away is no snap. Brownie always fed the hay while Dug and

I did the watering. In watering one often loses one's temper, for the cattle will sometimes upset the water and, in consequence, drench the tender; and when the water is being placed in the trough they will very often butt over the bucket. After watering, we were always wringing wet, and would have to wait for hours before we could get a chance to lie in the sun and dry our drenched clothes.

When the watering was finished, the next thing was to get up, out of the ship, forty-eight bales of hay and fifty bags of shelled corn.

Generally Dug and I stood below and lifted the hay up to the cattle deck, while the other fellows rolled the bales along the alley to the hatchways, where they were to be used. We had about the hardest job of all, for lifting two hundred and twenty-five pound bales of hay is not an easy job by any means.

At eight o'clock breakfast was issued, which always consisted of a stale loaf of bread for each man, a piece of salted horse meat, and a bitter drink substituting tea or coffee.

We three fellows always ate on deck, or on a box in the alleyway when the weather was raw. For breakfast we were allowed half an hour, and as soon as that time was up we were set to work sweeping the alleyways and cleaning out the troughs.

For the noon meal we had only one dish, which was "scouse," a mixture of meat and potatoes, thoroughly boiled in water. This dish is a favorite one with seamen, but I never cultivated a taste for it. We were allowed a rest of three hours after the noon meal, and that particular time was looked

forward to with pleasure, for, not being used to hard labor with such a small and unappetizing amount of food, a nap in the sun was, as might be expected, much appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed.

At three o'clock we began salting the cattle, and oh! how I used to hate that, for I knew the salt would make the cattle drink more water the morning following. After salting, we fed hay, forked in, and then swept out the alleyways. By the time we had this finished it was nearing the supper hour, and this meal was just as bad as the rest, everlasting bread and coffee.

More hay was forked in after supper, and we usually completed our day's work about seven o'clock, making in all about ten hours slavish work. When this was finished we never spent any time loafing, but retired to our quarters, ready to sleep.

For three days I remained deathly sick, taking neither food nor water, and yet I held up through it all, doing my share of the work.

On the fourth day out I felt better, and ate a little, which strengthened me considerably. At one time during my fast I was actually so feeble that I almost weakened under the small bags of corn. Mike and his little clay pipe filled with "Sensation Tobacco," used to keep everybody on the ship in bad humor, for the odor of that pipe was enough to sicken any one. When I regained my appetite, I ate everything in sight. I did finally come to "scouse."

Well, crossing the banks of Newfoundland, the weather became intensely cold, and had we not discovered the "donkey room," I hardly know what we would have done. The "donkey room," a little place

situated directly over the engines from which all the good warm air comes. This hovel was about half filled with coal, and every spare moment we spent in this room drying our clothes and warming our shivering bodies. We were no sooner dry when the spray would again drench us to the skin, and only one night during the entire trip did we sleep in dry clothes; luckily we were not subject to colds.

The fourth day out the weather began to change for the worse, and on the fifth day we witnessed a most fearful storm in which Branner and I came near losing our lives; had it not been for the life-lines we would have been lost.

We were working on the main deck with some sheep. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, and the waves were angrily dashing some fifteen or twenty feet above the deck of the ship. It was pouring rain and lightning was playing fantastically on the black, treacherous looking clouds in the distance. The ship was pitching in every direction, and we could only keep our positions by holding tightly to the life lines which were stretched across the deck. We had been working there about half an hour when the ship gave a tremendous lurch, followed by a most savage plunge into the water; a huge wave swept the deck, carrying off fifty-two sheep, pens and all, right out from under our feet, while we held frantically to the line.

The sheep and pens were carried over with such force that the iron railings which surround the deck were mashed and torn to pieces; part of it being carried into the sea with the sheep and the pens. The

weather became so very bad that we were compelled to change our sleeping quarters.

Nights thereafter we lowered ourselves through one of the hatches to the bottom of the ship by means of a rope, and there on the bales of hay we made our beds.

We slept in the bottom of the ship for eight nights. Every morning at a quarter of four the night watchman would open up the hatch and yell in a deep voice, "Hello, down there, quarter of four, time to water," and we would invariably reply with the question, "How is the weather to-day?"

The answer would usually be, "Bad, the sky's still foaming."

The bad weather continued for five days, raining all the time, the ship tossing from side to side. After we had fully cleared the banks the weather began to get better and three days before we landed it was again calm. During clear weather, on afternoons when work was finished we used to go up on deck, strip, and then turn the hose on one another. It was a trifle cold but after we had given ourselves a friction bath with a rough towel, we felt like new beings and were ready for our beds of hay and a good night's rest, to be followed by another day's labor.

Often we would amuse ourselves on deck by a wrestle or a round or two with some of the sailors, who thought themselves the best men on the ship. Three rounds in the ring with a husky sailor is positively guaranteed to remedy any case of indigestion.

There were some great characters on our boat besides Mike Johnson, the big Irish foreman. There was old man Dunn, "the locator." I believe

he sometimes went by the name of Colonel Dunn, but he was generally known among the cow-punchers as the "Locator," for at every available opportunity he applied the word "Locate," generally humorously inappropriate.

Colonel Dunn was a man of sixty-seven years, born in Scotland, near Edinburgh. At the age of ten he ran away and joined a ship bound for Australia. On his arrival there he spent several months on a ranch some hundred miles in the bush. Soon tiring of this, he embarked for England where he enlisted in the English cavalry. He subsequently served in the French cavalry for three years and in Uncle Sam's cavalry for six years. He was in the West with General Custer, but just a few days before Custer made his last stand Dunn was taken ill, consequently not participating in that historic fight. He had crossed the Atlantic over twenty times and had been around the world more than once; besides he had traveled in almost every land of the world.

The winter before I met him, he had spent on a ranch in the range country of Montana, and the spring he passed trapping fur bearing animals in the wildest parts of the Rocky Mountains. Even in his old age he could, it was said, handle a rifle and pistol to perfection and could sit a bronco as long as the next man. Such was the Honorable Colonel Dunn.

The three cattlemen were "Yorky Kid," "Cockney," and "Willie off the Yacht." "Yorky Kid" was a young fellow of twenty, born in New York and who took to beating trains at the early age of twelve. Before he was sixteen he had traveled in every state

and territory of the Union; and while with us he was making his fourth voyage across the Atlantic. He was a fairly decent looking chap, big hearted and generous.

"The Cockney" was, without a doubt, the most broken down piece of humanity I have ever seen. Born in England, he emigrated to the States in the early seventies, since then he had been in Baltimore, begging, and, I presume, stealing whatever came in his way. He was a bony, puny, yellow complexioned fellow, with black piercing eyes and dark hair. He was an inveterate cigarette smoker, besides being death on any kind of intoxicating drinks, from the raw alcohol down.

"Willie off the Yacht" was a character worthy of study. I knew by his speech and manners that he was not an ordinary individual. By close questioning I found out something of his past, though he was extremely shy about referring to anything concerning the bygone days. Born in a little inland town of Maryland, the son of a poor man, he prepared for college by push and perseverance.

Believing that New York offered many opportunities for a lawyer, he decided to practice there. Within ten years he had a law practice which brought him annually a comfortable income. Seven years later he drew from his bank a sum which represented the savings of years, and with this he began to play the wheel of chance. As fate would have it, he lost. Disappointed and heart sick, he drifted to the bad, and from bad to worse until he became nothing but a mere hobo with an alcoholic brain and parched lungs.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted land on the Irish coast, and I can truthfully say it looked good to me and was a welcome sight to all aboard. As we traveled onward we could see the land more plainly until at last we were able to sight distinctly three mountains, in bold outline against the sky, the Calf, the Cow, and the Bull.

We steamed along the Irish coast for several hundred miles and old castles dotted along the hilltops and sides overlooking the sea were refreshing sights. In the afternoon, about five o'clock, we unloaded our cattle three miles from Liverpool and by eleven we were docked.

In Europe! Goodness, it seemed like a dream to think that what we had always longed for had become a reality. At Liverpool we rested a few days, and "stall fed" till we were in trim; then we put out to see what there was to be seen on the other side of the pond.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe everything of interest we saw for the sights have been described half a hundred times over by others. At any rate, there was very little we missed, for we were all very energetic, and if there was anything to see we certainly were not going to miss it.

In short, we spent some months in Europe, prowling around in England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Germany Russia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium and Holland. We had the grandest time of our fair young lives, and after the tramp we were ready to return to our native land.

A few months later found me back in the States, penniless from my sojourn in Europe, eager to get

home in contemplation of a hurried preparation for the University. The return trip was not so disagreeable in that there were no cattle to care for and an occasional bask in the sun on deck, with an abundance of literature in my bunk, the time was whiled away very pleasantly. The day after arriving in Newport News found me in Norfolk.

I waited till night for the purpose of swinging the nine o'clock blind baggage. I loitered around the station in the afternoon, in the mean time finding out all I possibly could concerning the different trains that leave Norfolk. Along about half after eight it began to rain and by nine o'clock it was pouring. I was sitting on the inside of the station when the "train yeller" announced the departing train.

The rain was coming down in torrents, and the night was a fearfully dark one, so I had no trouble whatever in getting on the blind baggage without being observed.

I crawled up on the platform and lay flat, keeping as close to the baggage door as I could for the rain had already drenched me to the skin even in the few moments I had lain there waiting for the train to pull out.

We were soon off and I lay on the platform, drenched to the skin. It was rather late, and then, too, on account of the inclemency of the weather, there were only a few people around the country stations so I felt secure in my position.

About an hour after we had departed from Portsmouth we steamed into the little town of Wilson, and there I would have been caught had I not been just a bit faster than that rural constable.

It had not rained at Wilson and there were a great many people gathered at the station. As the train pulled up to the station people were walking on either side of the track, up and down, and it was almost impossible for me to escape observance as the lamps from the station were shining brightly, thus bringing me in full view of the people loitering thereabouts.

The train had hardly arrived when a young fellow and his girl came walking along and on seeing me he remarked, "Oh, look at the tramp." I could have pounded him, but under the circumstances I thought it best for me to keep quiet and say nothing. This I did, but before I knew what had happened a policeman came up by the side of the train and made an attempt to nab me. I was too fast for the old boy; just as he was aiming to lay hands on me, I scrambled for the other side and jumped from the platform. I made a bee line down the dark track and plunged off into the bushes. He pursued, but all in vain for I was a little too fleet of foot for him. I lay there in the bushes for only a few minutes, and when the train came by I swung the blind baggage and was again on my way. This time the engineer saw me swing aboard and at the next station I was ejected from my position by the flagman. The train was so closely watched I found it quite impossible to gain my seat again. I was put off, away out in the lonely woods and everything around was as dark as pitch. The only thing looming up in the darkness was a little station building which sat by the side of the track.

After feeling my way around in the darkness for

some time I finally found a flat car loaded with big sewer pipes, and into one of these I crawled, where I remained for the night. Shortly after I had taken up my abode in this peculiar sleeping quarter it began to rain furiously, but I was protected from the terrific downpour, happier in my tunnel than Jonah in his whale. I did not sleep much for my clothes had been drenched in the early part of the evening, and I was shivering from cold throughout the night.

It was a broken rest, but when I emerged from my quarters the following morning, I must confess I did feel just a wee bit better.

On examining the contents of my purse, I found that I was the possessor of exactly forty cents. Nearby was a small country store, and there I purchased breakfast, which consisted of apples and sweet cakes. This left me with the fabulous sum of thirty cents, so I began to figure out how I could manage to get home on that. I walked into the station and purchased a ticket to the next stop, a distance of seven miles. The express was due at ten forty so I had only a few moments to wait. When the train came to a standstill I entered the coach, took my seat, and sat there awaiting the conductor.

I had purchased a ticket for only seven miles, but it was my intention to stay on just as long as the conductor did not notice it, so presently he came in, collected my ticket, and at the same time remarked, "I believe this ticket carries you to Roundville." I did not speak, but merely nodded a reply. The station master had evidently put him wise to my game, so I saw the jig was all up for me. When we reached

the next station, the conductor looked in the coach and yelled, "All out for Roundville." I immediately arose from my seat and before the train had fairly stopped I jumped from the platform, on the side opposite the station, and ran along the track unobserved to the baggage car, where I boarded the blind.

There I rode for several miles and at the next stop I alighted.

In this village I spent the day. I passed the time chopping wood for an old lady, who gave me food in recompense for my work. That night I caught the nine o'clock local. Everything went well until we struck a big grade going down the mountain side, and when descending at a rapid speed the fire box of the engine fell out, and I was almost literally covered with coals from the engine as they were positively sifted on me.

As soon as the engineer discovered what had taken place he brought the big monster to a standstill on the side of the slope.

As fate would have it, it had been raining considerably that night, and there were great pools of water by the side of the track, so before the train came to a full stop I jumped from my position and rolled over by the side of the track in the cold water, for already my garments had begun to burn, and in two or three places the coals had eaten through the clothing and blistered the flesh, which was horribly tormenting.

This drenching in the water soon put out the fire on my clothes, but I lay there to make certain. When the train halted I was lying in the gully by the side

of the last coach, so near that I could plainly hear the inquiries of the passengers as to the cause of the delay. There in the water I remained some five minutes, and then I got up and stole quietly along the side of the coaches to the engine. The men were still working on the fire bin, so, to avoid discovery, I concealed myself in the bushes by the side of the track. We were there fully half an hour, and during that time I thought I would surely freeze, for my clothes were drenched, and there was no possible means to dry them.

The engineer and the fireman soon adjusted the bin and it was not long before we were on our way. It was now about midnight and there was only the station master at each of the little stations, so I was not so likely to be discovered. I rode on quietly until the flagman came to give the engineer some orders, and he could not help seeing me, for I was stretched across the platform, over which he had to pass on his way to the engine.

He saw me when he opened the door of the baggage car. I raised up and as I did he told me that I would have to get off at the next stop. I assured him that I would, and at the next station, before the train had come to a standstill, and before he came out to see that I did get off, I jumped from the train and ran along by the side of the track in front of the engine. I ran down the track for about one hundred yards, and concealed myself in the bushes.

I waited only a moment when the train rolled by. With one grand plunge I grabbed the rail of the baggage car and swung myself to position. The bag-

gage clerk was standing in the door of the car and he saw me get on, so within a few moments the conductor came out and said that I would have to get off. He added that if I did not get off he would place me under arrest and turn me over to authorities at the next station. I told him that I would, but before we reached the next station I crawled up on the coal car and buried myself in the coal, out of the view of anyone. I literally buried myself in the bin and dropped off to sleep, for I was so exhausted I could hardly hold open my eyes. How long I slept I knew not, but when I awoke I know that everything around was just as hard black as could be.

On awaking, I felt a horrible sensation of not being able to move, and I was not long in discovering that I had been buried deeper in coal, which had been emptied in on top of me from an elevated shoot at a station where we had stopped to take on coal and water.

There must have been a pretty good coat of coal covering me for I scrambled and fought for some time before I was able to free myself from the uncomfortable position.

We arrived at Danville at daybreak and as the engine pulled into the yards I dropped off and walked down the track where I found a water spigot and there I bathed face and hands. Half an hour I spent trying to get the coal dust out of the pores of my skin, eyes and ears.

A river runs right through the railroad centre of the town, thus dividing the passenger and the freight yards. A hugely constructed bridge spans this stream, so I proceeded to the freight yards and

"When I Awoke I Knew that Everything Around was a Hard Black."

(*Wanderlust*)

there I was successful in getting one of the local freight conductors to allow me to work my way to Greensboro, a town en route home. I was informed the train would not leave till nine thirty.

Two hours at my disposal, I decided to spend it as profitably and pleasantly as possible. Walking over to the bank of the river, where there were tied scores of little boats, I unfastened one and shortly was smoothly gliding down the river. When I had floated to the outskirts of the town, I pulled into the bank and hitched my boat, undressed and took a cool plunge. I dried myself on the underclothes and then threw them to the currents. Realizing it was too much of a job to paddle that boat back up the stream, I left it tied fast and hit up a lively pace for the freight yards.

Before leaving Danville, I placed a note in one of the neighboring boats advising the owner of the whereabouts of the borrowed one.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE the following Spring term was half ended I began to plan my second trip to Europe.

The work on the ship the second trip over was practically the same, but I had a number of experiences which were new to me.

On this trip there were in all thirteen cattlemen on board, eight college fellows, the foreman and four hoboes. There was "Frenchy," our foreman, an excitable man with an irritable temper, who did not know that men were not to be abused, but in some cases be coaxed.

Another member of the bunch was "Smithy," a little clumsily built fellow, with red whiskers and cross eyes, who had driven eight horses to one of Sells Brothers' Circus wagons for a number of years, and who was in every respect a typical hobo.

Then there was "Rates," a good sort of fellow he was, and at times I really felt sorry for him. He was the hardest worker in the lot and often did twice his share when the other fellows were sick. "Rates" had been a cowboy in Dakota for a number of years, and enlisting in the United States Army while there, he went to the Philippines as a cavalryman, where he remained two years. With us, he was making his first trip across. From London I learned he went to Capetown, South Africa.

The greatest character on board was old Cole. In

all my life I have never seen a man his equal in many respects. Medium in size with brawny arms and an over-developed muscular neck, he reminded one of a huge beast, muscles superbly developed and mind untrained. Cole was some forty years of age, and a boaster from the word "Go." At the early age of ten he ran away from his parents in Norway, and secured passage on a sail boat bound for Odessa on the Black Sea. I think him one of the most interesting talkers, from a certain standpoint, I have ever conversed with. At times he would charm me for hours with his tales of adventure by sea and land. I became so intensely interested in this man that at night, when all had retired save the watchman, I would sit with him on deck for hours and hear him spin his tales of the past. Cole had been around the world several times and had visited every continent on the globe. In the heart of India he had served as a lackey to a very rich man; in Australia he herded sheep for two seasons; in Japan he was hostler for an American planter; in South Africa he mined, and in South America, at Buenos Ayres, he worked in the shipyards. Thirty years of his life he had spent in travel. Whiskey and tobacco he craved.

Old man Miller was our night watchman. He was a good old fellow, who did his duty and never had much to say. A baker in Baltimore, he became tired of his occupation, and feeling need of a change, he had sought a cattle boat for recreation.

The ninth day out a terrible mishap came near ending the life of one of our comrades. On this particular afternoon it was raining and the sea was run-

ning high. We were all seated in the engine room, hovering around the steam pipes, endeavoring to dry our clothes and warm our chilled bodies, when a shrill cry was faintly heard from the fore part of the boat. Thinking that perhaps trouble had befallen some one, we rushed in the direction from which the cry seemed to have come. Arriving at the door of the "foc's'le," we peeped in, and there, lying on the floor prostrate and apparently dead, was Cole, with blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils. Over him stood a fearless and well developed young fellow, whose name was Max Goodman, with fist clenched and face badly bruised. When I saw the bloody sight I was dumbfounded, for I feared that Cole would never again see the light of day.

Goodman was considered one of the best young college pugilists in the South, and I realized from experience the force of his blows. He was one of our star football players, and we had been on the 'varsity eleven together. Half blinded as he was by passion, I took him by the arm, and led him to the engineer's stateroom, where matters were explained.

It seems that Cole had attempted Goodman's life with a pitchfork. On finding that he was unable to protect himself against this deadly weapon, Goodman retreated to a corner, where he secured a bucket, which he threw at Cole's head, causing him to drop the fork. Goodman then seizing his opportunity, charged on Cole and hit him squarely between the eyes. From the effects of the blows, poor Cole was confined to the ship's infirmary with a broken jaw and a badly bruised face.

Seventeen days after embarking from America we steamed into the mouth of the Thames, and never was there a happier bunch of American college boys together. When we stepped ashore that most beautiful Sunday afternoon we were no longer cattlemen, but young Americans in Europe to see, hear and learn all we possibly could.

Landing at Alexander dock, about twenty miles below London proper, we made our way rapidly to the nearest station of the elevated railway which runs parallel with the Thames, and boarded the first train going to the Fenchurch Street Station. Engaging two four-wheelers, we were soon driven into the square of the great and lavishly furnished Hotel Cecil, where we registered.

Hubert Collins, a university man who was on this trip, and I left London for Liverpool, where we went aboard the steamship "Oravia," which was to transport us to Lisbon, Portugal.

We glided smoothly out of the harbor and on our way to Portugal, which we so much desired to see, and from which point we could easily make our way across the frontier and into old historic Spain, where Don Quixote made his daring raid upon the windmills.

Before we had been an hour out of port we selected our bunks and were comfortably seated in our new quarters. The first day out we made the acquaintance of most of our fellow passengers, and indeed we found them surprisingly agreeable.

Leaving Liverpool on a Thursday, we made our first stop at La Pallice, the seaport of La Rochelle, a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Ar-

riving at eight-thirty in the morning, we boarded a car which conveyed us to La Rochelle, at which place we spent the entire day in sight-seeing. We made our lunch on good French wine and sweet cakes.

We returned to our ship about six o'clock that afternoon, tired and footsore from our day's tramp over the city.

That night our ship remained in port, and never shall I forget the Frenchman who mistook me for a sailor and offered to tip me with fifty centimes for pointing out to him the engine room of the ship. The next morning we steamed away, and Monday we made our second stop at Coronna, Spain, where Sir John Moore and his English soldiers were defeated by the Spanish troops.

Thursday we were scheduled to anchor at the port of Lisbon. I sincerely hoped that nothing would happen to delay us, for the novelty of the trip had worn away and we were anxious to get ashore again.

At the last stop we took on board two hundred dirty, foul-smelling Spanish immigrants bound for South America, and they kept things hot with their hand-organs and bagpipes. They never tired of dancing, for they kept it up from morning till night.

There were several beautiful Spanish girls on board, and they danced most gracefully. I hardly think any one can equal the grace of a Spanish dancer.

We arrived in the picturesque natural harbor of Lisbon in the morning and were soon bidding farewell to the many friends that we had made during our week's voyage.

In Lisbon we set about to find a suitable hotel, and this we were not long in doing, for the Hotel Camoes had been recommended to us by the steward of the "Oravia." Here we found everything to our liking.

On arriving at Lisbon I soon found a land far different in customs from any of the other European countries, for everything at first sight appears purely Oriental.

I have traveled in many countries of Europe, but I must confess that none struck me with such simplicity of customs.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built upon several hills, and on first sight one would fancy it a city void of life and pleasure, but upon investigation this opinion is quickly changed. The population of Lisbon is some forty thousand inhabitants. The streets are well kept, and the street car system is surprisingly good. While there, we saw many things of interest, among them being the King's palace and beautifully kept parks, city waterworks, said to be among the finest in the world; Black Horse Square, the Cave of the Dead, magnificent churches, and massively handsome government buildings.

There we witnessed our first bull fight, on a Sunday, and never shall I forget how scorchingly hot I became while occupying my one peseta (15 cents) seat. I later learned that there is a radical distinction between the Portuguese and the Spanish bull fights, the latter being far more cruel.

By good fortune we had the pleasure of seeing the King and Queen with their young son as they drove from the palace.

Two days we spent on a visit to the town of Bremen, which is but a short distance from Lisbon. There is constructed one of the finest of the world's cathedrals, in which rests the remains of Vasco Da Gama. We saw also the point from which he set out upon his voyage to discover a shorter route to India.

In Portugal one feels the spirit of the South. The men are exceedingly small in stature, their hair black and their eyes quick in movement. The women, like many of the Oriental people, are beautiful in girlhood and young womanhood, but the hot, scorching sun soon dries them into old and ugly women. Even the women of the peasant class are remarkably beautiful, with their dark, bewitching eyes, long black silky hair and trim figures. The peddling on the streets is done by women. They wear large earrings and big bracelets around ankles and wrists. Their dress is of the simplest, and they wear neither shoes nor hats. On their heads they carry large flat baskets, loaded with their wares, and on every street one can hear them crying their goods and wares to the passing public.

The principal beasts of burden in Portugal are donkeys and oxen. Of course, horses and mules are used, but they are for the richer classes. The wagons are pulled by oxen, sometimes four and six in hand. One car line in Lisbon is operated alone by mules and oxen. Those cars operated by electricity are generally patronized by the better living class, while the cars operated by mules are patronized by the poorer class.

The shaggy ill-kept donkeys present a comical

sight, with great big baskets securely tied on either side. The load often looks larger than the donkey. Once while tramping in Southern Portugal I saw a little donkey about the size of a mastiff, plodding along with two cages of chickens on either side and a woman and her babe comfortably seated on the donkey's back en route to market.

One thing peculiarly common in Portugal and foreign to many other lands is the way in which the dairies are conducted. In the stores along the main thoroughfares milch cows are stalled, and when a customer arrives the proprietor simply milks the amount called for fresh from the cow. By this means the buyer is sure of the purity of the milk.

Soon tiring of Portugal and its oddities, we secured tickets for Madrid, but before reaching there we had a rare experience.

Leaving Lisbon about 9:30 we arrived at a station,—Baylo,—where we should have changed cars. There the train remained some minutes and during the wait we purchased two bottles of wine and four loaves of bread. The train moved slowly off, so being hungry, we settled comfortably back into our seats and soon fell to.

As we were preparing to take our afternoon smoke, the conductor came around to collect the tickets. On looking at ours he told us we were on the wrong train. By this time we were some twenty-five miles from Baylo.

At the next station we were put off by the conductor, and from signs and words obtained from a Portuguese-English conversation book, we learned that we would have to remain in that forsaken spot

till 11:30 that night. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. On discovering the costly mistake, we both cursed our ill luck. The worst of it was, we only had between us three hundred rois, thirty cents in Uncle Sam's coin.

Two days later found us in Madrid, tired, dusty and hungry. We soon found a suitable hotel and made ourselves comfortable.

It would be utterly impossible for me to write of all the things of interest which we saw while in Madrid, the capital of Spain. The first day there we spent in resting, but after that we were on the go from morning till night, for we were out to see all there was to be seen.

We visited the Royal Palace, which is said to be next in grandeur to the Czar's Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. This palace is superb in architecture and is magnificently furnished. The royal stables contain hundreds of beautiful horses of all description and carriages of every style. The most interesting part of the palace is the Royal Armory, in which we saw the old but well preserved armor of Christopher Columbus and the war implements and armor of Charles V. In this armory the weapons of all the great Spanish warriors are preserved, always carefully guarded.

The Art Gallery of Madrid is second to none. There are collected the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists, not only of Spain, but of other countries.

The arena for the bullfights is most handsomely constructed, and there we had the pleasure of witnessing our second bull fight. These fights are held

every Sunday, and quite often on Wednesdays. At this particular fight there were killed three horses and several bulls. It was far more cruel than the fight we had witnessed at Lisbon.

We made Madrid our headquarters while in Spain and took excursions out to Toledo, the Escurial, Bungos and Granada. These places proved of as much interest to us as did Madrid.

In Madrid the main thoroughfares are kept surprisingly clean, while the back streets are filthy. Several nights we spent theatre-going and saw some of Spain's celebrities.

In the day time, between the hours of eleven and four, the streets are practically deserted, for the sun is so hot that work is impossible. Later in the afternoons the boulevards and squares are crowded.

The Spaniard, the most courteous of all men, is insanely fond of bull fights, cigarettes, coffee, wine and women. The drinking taverns are always crowded in the evening with customers, who sit and sip their strong black coffees and puff their cigarettes, while they chat of dancers and matadores.

A thing most peculiar to Spain is the large amount of counterfeit money which is in circulation. Whenever one purchases any thing and tenders a coin in payment, the shopkeeper invariably tests the purity of the coin on a sounding slate.

From Madrid we journeyed to San Sebastian, where we visited the King's summer palace, and saw his Majesty. We happened here on a Sunday, and we did not miss the opportunity of seeing another bullfight.

San Sebastian is the most fashionable watering-

place in Spain and there all the nobles and wealthy people of Portugal and Spain spend the hot season. Here we spent several days in preparing for our journey on foot across the Pyrenees Mountains. I had always wanted to cross the Alps or Pyrenees on foot, so when the opportunity was presented, I surely was not going to let it go by.

Securing heavy walking shoes, suitable clothing, heavy walking sticks, we boarded the train at San Sebastian and alighted at the foot of the hills, where the road starts its winding way across the rugged slopes. Our only arms consisted of a couple of daggers, which we purchased at Toledo and a thirty-eight Colt's revolver.

These lofty mountains and rugged foothills are inhabited by a lawless and murderous set of treacherous Spaniards, who strike whenever they have an opportunity. Not heeding wild stories, we set out upon a journey calculated to test to the utmost the metal of your companion and one's endurance.

The first day carried us into the heart of the wilderness, where on every side one could see nothing but lofty crags covered with large boulders and shaggy grass.

We employed a guide for a day to conduct us safely to the beaten trail, and four days later we were safely settled in the little vilage of Blanto, on the frontier of France.

Although we had put up with a great many hardships, we enjoyed our tramp, and we only wished our journey had occupied twenty days instead of five, for we felt better each succeeding day, tramping over the rocky pathways. Two nights were spent

"The First Day carried us into the Heart of the Wilderness where on Every Side one could see Nothing but Lofty Crags."

(Wanderlust)

on the ground under the shadow of the cork trees, while the other nights were spent in huts along the way.

During the tramp our food consisted, principally, of bread, goat's milk and fruit.

One night while sleeping out we were alarmed by the approach of some sort of big animal, which persisted on making our acquaintance. By firing the revolver several times we succeeded in frightening it away, after which we went back to sleep, only to be awakened in the early morning by a Spanish goat herder, who insisted that we had killed one of his dogs. The dead animal proved to be our visitor of the previous night.

At Blanto we made preparation for our railway journey to Paris.

August found us in the gay city of Paris, where we chanced to meet again two of our friends of the cattle boat, Roy Saunders and Philip McDuff.

We arrived in Paris about seven o'clock in the morning. Engaging a four-wheeler we were driven to our hotel, which was situated about a block from the Champs Elysees, the most beautiful boulevard in that wonderful city. After enjoying a good breakfast we repaired to our room, where we discussed the situation, and, I regret to say, it proved a serious one.

We found that our friends, McDuff and Saunders, had spent all the money they had, with the exception of a few francs. Hurbert Collins had about enough to carry him to New York, and I had something like seventy-five francs (fifteen dollars). Three

days later Collins left Paris for London, from which place he sailed for New York.

We three other fellows remained in Paris, expecting money by every mail, but we had to content ourselves with mere expectations, for letters containing the money never came. We soon realized that our situation was becoming a desperate one, and that we must do something, for our little supply of funds was diminishing daily.

Finally we decided on advertising in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, thinking that perhaps this would bring us an opportunity for some sort of work. Our advertisement read:

Three young Americans, university education, desire position doing anything. Address X Y Z, *New York Herald.*

We paid for the insertion of our advertisement in three editions and departed the office feeling that this would surely bring us something. Three days later we received a letter, whch read,

X Y Z, Herald.

GENTLEMEN:

Noticed your advertisement in the *Herald* this morning and would be glad to see you at my rooms this evening between hours of 6 and 8.

Very truly yours,

K. M. POE.

In reading this our hearts beat with joy, for we anticipated great things. McDuff planned keeping his position for six months, so that he could learn to speak the French language. I readily decided to do the same, while Saunders expressed his desire of

working only long enough to get money to pay his hotel bill and secure a ticket to London.

At the time appointed we called at the gentleman's rooms, which were in the Standard Hotel, and he proved to us a notable disappointment. He proposed to teach us a game by which we could easily break the bank at Monte Carlo and thereby win our fortunes. He said, of course we would have to begin with about a thousand francs. This gentleman, as he termed himself, proved such a disappointment to us that we decided to have some amusement, so we praised his scheme highly and advised him that we would certainly return the following evening.

Several days later we left for London, and you may be sure we did not keep our appointment with the would be prince of schemers.

Paris is pre-eminently the city of pleasures. In the gay summer season one can see hundreds of tourists strolling along the beautiful boulevards. At nights the principal ways are brilliantly lighted, and in passing by one sees scores of people in the fascinating cafés enjoying the refreshing night air and the merry music as they sit and sip.

The Champs Elysees at night is one great highway of pleasure. On either side are theatres and drinking gardens, and from every direction one hears the gay music of the orchestras.

One day while walking through one of the many beautifully kept parks we met a party of five young American students. They had ridden on bicycles from London to Paris and had stopped for a rest of several days, after which they intended making their way into Germany. These fellows were all

members of the same class at Harvard and were touring Europe on their bicycles.

At our hotel we only secured breakfast and dinner. Lunch usually consisted of cheap French wine and a loaf of bread on one of the penny seats in the park.

We kept up our bluff remarkably well at the hotel, and, honestly, the landlady never even suspected that we were stranded. If she had known it, most probably she would have demanded pay in advance, but we talked so cleverly of how we enjoyed the theatre, how delightful the drive was, and such things that she never had a suspicion of our financial predicament.

One morning I came near getting myself into trouble for drenching a vegetable peddler with water. It seemed to me that he had been standing in the streets below for an hour, crying out his vegetables. I wanted to go to sleep but couldn't with all that racket going on below, so I filled the bowl with soapy water and dashed it all over him. When the water drenched him he yelled like an Apache Indian, and before long a policeman came up to investigate the source of such an act. Of course we were innocent! having just awakened from a sound slumber.

One of the most pleasant surprises of my stay in Paris was while waiting at the mail window of Thomas Cook and Son for the long expected coin, when whom should I see but my old comrade Goodman, vainly endeavoring to gain some information from a chesty policeman. Goodman did not see me and I had some real pleasure in watching him attempting to converse in French, when the only

French he could muster to his service was, "Oui, Monsieur," and "Parlez vous Français?" Stepping up to him I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Pardon me, sir, but are you an American?"

Never have I seen one's face so radiant with joy and happiness. We soon got together and began to arrange and plan for our future maintenance and support, Goodman being in about the same condition, financially as the rest of us.

One who has never been in a large foreign city, far from friends and home, cannot comprehend the absolute feebleness, helplessness and lonesomeness, which we four fellows experienced for days.

The last night of the miserable days which we spent in Paris came very near terminating disastrously for Goodman and myself. It was a night at one of the largest dance halls in the Latin Quarter, the most dangerous portion of all Paris. Goodman and I paid our admission fee, one franc each, and immediately began looking around, hoping that we might find some one who would be so charitable as to present us to some of the charming dancers.

For a while it seemed that our sole enjoyment would come from looking on, but presently, much to our pleasurable surprise, I saw a young Frenchman whom we had met a few days previous while visiting at the University of Paris. This young fellow with his delightful manner proved quite a help, introducing us to several captivating belles, who, to our surprise could two-step and waltz exquisitely. Here we enjoyed ourselves till the early morning hours and when we were ready to depart, much to our

chagrin and disappointment, we found that we were totally lost, traffic having long since ceased.

Our first thought was to find a policeman, but we found that officers were rare in that particular quarter, which added to the horror of the situation. In the hazy distance we caught the glimmer of lights which we instinctively followed, only to find, too late, that they led in the very opposite direction from which we desired to go.

I then suggested to Goodman that we had better look for a four-wheeler, but he stubbornly insisted that we continue on foot, and in less than five minutes we found ourselves beset by thieves and murderers of that treacherous quarter.

At first we pretended not to understand what this sudden and unexpected demonstration meant, but we were not long in learning that it meant injury, robbery, outrage, and probably murder. Immediately Goodman delivered one of his right hand swings straight for the jaw of the foremost thug, and he fell as if stricken by an electric shock. In the meantime both of my arms were pinioned behind me by two husky ruffians. Goodman attempted to rescue me, and received a blow on the arm which deprived him temporarily of its use. The ruffians were dismayed at Goodman's force of arm and physique and turned their attenton toward me. I called out, "Run, Max, run." Goodman was loath to leave me, but he soon took to his heels when two men of his size advanced towards him.

They dragged me into a dark alley nearby and there they cursed and swore on finding that I was penniless, with the exception of about two measley

"Immediately Goodman Delivered one of His Right Hand Swings Straight for the Jaw."

francs. The ruffians seemed fearfully disappointed in that they found such a small mite upon my person, for most foreigners have the erroneous impression that all Americans are millionaires. Foolish idea. They seemed to think that Max would return with help, and, after administering several hard kicks and knocks over my head and on my body, I was left to the mercies of Providence, bleeding, dazed and semi-conscious. I staggered to my feet and attempted to find the way to my hotel and my friends. Never again do I expect to feel as I did that morning as I sneaked into the hotel, after having spent such a miserable and perilous night wandering forlornly through the still and desolate avenues of the Latin Quarter.

Realizing that something must be done, we managed to secure enough money to pay our board bill and purchase tickets to London. That night we bade farewell to Paris, and started for London, where we arrived at an early hour, without a blooming sou in in our pockets. We finally found a boarding place and spent the morning in sleeping. In the afternoon we set out and pawned what little jewelry we had with us, with which I secured food.

Goodman and I had been thinking of going to Odessa, on the Black Sea, and now that we were desperate we decided to make the trip, if there was any possible way.

After we had been in London some days, we went down on the Thames where the big ships were docked, and finding one ready to set out for Odessa, we stole aboard and stowed away in the bottom of the ship, where no one was likely to discover us.

When well at sea, we intended coming out and offering to do whatever we were ordered. Even hard work on a ship was better than starving in London, for sailors are usually given potatoes three times a day, while a penniless man in London knows not whence comes the next meal.

In the bottom of the dark, dirty, foul-smelling ship we lay for hours, thinking every moment that she would start, but to our disappointment it was another half day before she set out on her voyage. All this time we had been without a single mouthful of food or a drop of water. We became desperate and crawled out of our hiding place to the deck, where we were soon spied and despite our pleading and begging, we were ordered ashore.

The ship was now slowly wending its way down the Thames, with the pilot skilfully guiding it through the deep channels. On either side were the banks dotted with the little huts of fishermen and sailors. We were so feeble from our fast and from lying in that cramped position for hours that neither of us could barely move, and when we were told we would have to swim ashore I almost fainted. I had never had much practice in swimming and to undertake such a task at this time seemed suicidal, for I knew that I was too weak to hold out.

The sailors crowded about us, and our delay seemed to excite the anger of the officer who was ordering us around. He shouted that if we didn't make haste he would have us lowered over the side of the ship by ropes. Realizing that the only thing to do was to swim, we climbed down the rope ladder on the starboard side. Max went first and when

at the end of the ladder he leaped into the river and began swimming toward the shore. I yelled at him to wait for me, but he kept on, seemingly frightened out of his wits. Now that it was up to me I climbed slowly down to the bottom of the ladder, and there I clung hesitating. What would it be, suicide or murder? I felt that if I should attempt to swim I would surely drown. Yet if I did not the sailors threatened to throw me over.

While clinging to the end of the ladder it was jerked violently out of my hold, and, losing my balance, I plunged backward into the river. As I fell I heard the wild, hideous shouts of the sailors above who were leaning over the deck rail.

It is a well known fact that one can be drawn under a ship by the suction and cut to pieces by the propeller. Naturally, this thought flashed into my mind as I sank into the water. It seemed to me that my time had come, but I was not one to give up all hope. When I came up again to the water's surface I beat desperately and frantically to keep from going under the second time. Fighting for safety, I began swimming toward the bank, some hundred yards away. Before I had gone ten yards, I realized my wet clothes were hindering my progress. I fought with the current more desperately than ever, for the sounds of "Help! Help!" were ringing in my ears.

I reached the bank safely, but so worn out that I could scarcely drag my limp body to dry land. Looking over my shoulder, I saw poor old Max lying on the opposite bank, and when I waved my drenched

handkerchief to him, he saluted by a wave of the arm.

Fortunately the sun was shining, and on the grassy banks of the Thames we sprawled in the warm rays while our drenched garments were being dried. When our clothes had been sufficiently dried we proceeded up the banks opposite each other, and it was not long before we were gripping hands.

The following day while strolling along the Strand we met a couple of friends, Bob Morris and Nelson, both of Georgetown University. These fellows had just arrived in London and from them we secured a small loan, which was, at least enough to feed us for several days to come. A few days later our troubles ended, for Goodman received a letter containing a considerable sum and on the first outgoing steamer he sailed for New York.

Two days later I was steaming homeward on a cattle boat. The return trip lasted ten days and the monotony of it soon palled upon me.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following fall at the University was a trying one for it was darned hard to get back to the studies after such a bully good time tramping over Europe. There wasn't much midnight oil wasted, for I was too full of foot-ball. Ten good men were trying for my place on the team, and consequently it took all of my time to hold down left-half on the 'varsity eleven.

Well, I won, and we had some dandy times on the trips that season. Warner, Cornell's old coach, trained us that fall and he had a fine lot of material to pick from. After we had played the Thanksgiving game, with the University of Virginia, I returned home, and remaining there only a few days, departed for Washington, D. C., where I secured a position with the *Washington Times.*

While at the Naval Academy on a football trip, the year before, I met a young chap by the name of Anderson. He came to Washington in January shortly after being expelled from the Academy for hazing and proposed to me that we two hit it for the West together. This idea struck me in the right place and at the right time, for I had been contemplating another chase over some part of the world. He was from the Naval Academy and I from the University of North Carolina, but then and there we joined forces to matriculate in that larger, but less

select college—the University of Experience. I, of course, had had more training in that school than Anderson, but I knew that he'd be game to the last. Of all my experiences, I dare say that not the least adventurous I ever butted into was when in company with Will Anderson, I boarded the train at Washington and began our journey toward the setting sun.

We purchased tickets to St. Louis by way of Chicago at a cut rate price, and landed in the Windy City on a Monday morning. A gloomy looking day it was, too, our joint possessions amounting to thirty cents. After receiving a rebate on our railroad tickets, which amounted to two dollars and fifty cents, we entered a certain restaurant where the waiters neither wear dress suits, nor expect exorbitant perquisites. Each having replenished the inner man with Clarke street dainties, we began our search for something to do, but finding congenial employment proved a much harder task than when we used to tell how to do it back in Washington. We commenced by hitting for such positions as newspaper reporters, office assistants, and the like; we ended by accepting positions?—no, just ordinary jobs, I as a laborer in a lead mill just off Halstead street, while Will answered to "Front," doing the bell hopping act at a north side family hotel. For my work I received one dollar and seventy-five cents a day, and, truly, it was the darnest hardest money I ever earned in all my life. It simply meant lifting big lead bars weighing anywhere from one hundred to two hundred pounds all the day long, that is, from six o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon with half

an hour at noon for lunch. My room and board cost me five dollars a week so at the end of the first six days I had a few dollars in my pocket.

I boarded at a restaurant on Halstead street, and the proprietor of this notorious establishment was formerly a cab driver in Paris. Evenings, after I had finished my work, we two would have long talks about the city of pleasures, for both of us knew the place pretty well, he having lived there the greater part of his life, and I having been there several times. Gee! but this was a tough joint. During my stay there I was afraid of being killed for there were murders taking place around there very frequently, as the scareheads of that date will testify. I could hardly have expected anything better on Halstead street, for those who are acquainted with that particular section of Chicago will tell you that there's scarcely a place on the toughest part of the Bowery that can compare with certain sections of that famous Chicago street.

Anderson acted his part of an old experienced bell hop at the Virginia Hotel on the north side of the city. For this he received seven dollars per week and meals. At night he came to my room on Halstead street and we bunked together. He was usually on duty at night till about ten o'clock, and after finishing his work it would take him about one hour to ride over the city to where we were rooming. It mattered not how tired I was, I would always sit up and await his coming, for it was awfully lonely there by myself. Not wishing to make these exalted positions a life business, in a couple of weeks we "resigned our commissions," donned our happy

habiliments and wended our way to a certain mail order establishment, and after much wagging of tongues, finally found ourselves correspondents at $15.00 per. But we didn't care to confine ourselves to stereotyped forms, and much preferred to let our pens wander, and to be original, so, not knowing when we were well off, quit that.

Then we thought we would like the peaceful, carefree life of the farm, so hired to a Mr. Heren of Crystal Lake, Ill., as experienced farm hands. This Mr. Heren had offices in the Monadnock Building, and we were sent to him by the manager of the Employment Agency. When this particular individual, who wanted a couple of good farm hands out on his place, learned that I was handy with tools and that Anderson could milk a cow to a finish, he was more than pleased. He furnished us tickets to Crystal Lake which was forty miles from Chicago, and there we landed the next day.

As we alighted from the train at that future metropolis, Will chewing a straw in typical reuben fashion, and I furbishing my talk with many "by goshes" and "gol derns," I was sure I could discern a superior knowing smile on the face of the foreman in the wagon nearby, when, after the explanations, he told us to "hop in."

Could I plow? Yes, I could plow. Could Anderson milk? Yes, he could milk. Well, I shall never forget the numerous "beefs" he made while posing as an "experienced farm hand." How he strapped the halter on the horse's back and led him out to water; how he wasn't satisfied with having the horses drag only the harrow after them, but had to

take several rods of picket fence with him when driving them through the gate; how, when there were only two ways of doing a thing he would invariably do it the wrong way—in fact, while I made a better showing that he, the only thing that either of us did like "experienced farm hands" was to consume large quantities of food at meal times. Well do I remember how we used to sit opposite one another at the table and giggle, and tee-hee like a couple of school girls, and how, after controlling our risibles for a while, we fairly exploded when Heren, Jr., told us we looked like a couple of fellows who had run away from school.

Anderson's efforts at milking! Goodness, but they were fierce! I shall never forget his attempts at the first cow he "milked." He went after that bovine with vengeance, and did his utmost to coax, bribe, threaten or cajole her into giving up her milk, by getting half Nelsons and hammerlocks around the necessary part of her anatomy, but like the rest of her sex, she was stubborn when she wished to be, and absolutely refused. So when Norman, the foreman of the farm, returned to the scene of action, she was complacently chewing her cud, and Anderson, like the hero in the story books, was making a last "almost superhuman effort" to make her come across—and the pail was empty. I guess Norman thought he might be able to get milk from a condensed can, but when it comes to cows, "Nay, nay, Pauline."

About my plowing! Those furrows looked about as straight as a writhing sea-serpent with a bad stomach ache, with no wintergreen handy, and to

Norman's practiced eye they must have looked twice that bad. Oh! but I was "handy with tools,"—even if I didn't know a hammer from a pickaxe!

Those long-suffering people stood for all that, but our services were no longer required when Anderson buckled the belly band around the horse's tail, fed him straw and bedded him with hay. Nevertheless at the same time Heren, Jr., treated us royally under the circumstances, and if laughing really makes a man fat, he surely ought to have been a heavyweight by the time we left. And strangely enough when we 'fessed up, he didn't seem astounded in the least. Sometimes I even doubt whether he ever thought we were experienced farmers.

Then that handy man job in "Chi" with me for the man, who couldn't drive a nail without bending it, or hitting his fingers, and, consequently saying things.

A week on the farm was enough, for Norman decided that he couldn't use us to a good advantage, so back to the city we went.

As soon as we arrived in Chicago we struck out for an Employment Agency and were not long in securing a place out on the North side. How we used to make the dust fly out of those Brussels carpets and Oriental rugs, and make the lawn mowers sing over the smooth lawns of that richly inhabited settlement. We worked for a man who had a contract with about twenty people of the settlement to keep their carpets beaten and their lawns mown, and to do odd jobs around the houses.

We rented a room only a few blocks from where our work lay, and three times per diem we did the

gastronomic stunt. Oh, what a whole bunch of things we did do, such as flirting over the back fences with the maids in typical "handy man" fashion.

When I think of the time when we painted the interior of the house for one Mr. Farnsworth, our employer, I certainly smile out loud. We painted everything except the paper on the wall, and we would have done that had there been any to paint. And when Mr. Farnsworth, assuming the rôle of an art critic, said, "That's a very poor job, boys," Anderson replied, "Well, you can't expect a Raphael for twelve dollars a week." This, like our other jobs, did not last long, for two hours afterward Farnsworth learned of the fight I had had with Mrs. Williams' cook, an Irish lady of some two hundred pounds, and he promptly fired us.

When he turned us off we each had about five dollars coming to us so we lit out for our old haunts over on Halstead street, where we knew that board would be cheap at five "per." By this time we were both getting pretty tired of the city proper and wanted to get out on the big ranch lands of the Northwest, where we could work and probably save a little money. I finally hatched up a scheme by which we were able to make enough of the "elusive" to pay our way into the wild and wooly West. It was on a Saturday night that we put into practice this well grounded scheme of mine.

Away back in my knickerbocker days I had had some experience as a patent medicine peddler, so it dawned on me that we would be able to make a few dollars by selling patent medicines. Saturday after-

noon I rented from my friend Ikey a long black coat, a tall silk hat, a big imitation diamond, and a few other little necessary articles to give me the appearance of a typical patent medicine doctor. At the Drug Store around the corner from where we lived I purchased a dime's worth of new stoppers, a piece of red sealing wax, a couple of bottles of vanilla, and one small bottle of myrrh. These articles safely stored in my room, I put Anderson to work making the wonderful preparation, while I went out to purchase a basketful of bottles from the second hand bottle dealer. Returning to the room with the bottles, about one hundred in all, I found that Will had the mixtures prepared and then we set ourselves to work filling the bottles. After all the bottles had been filled we placed a new stopper in each one, then sealed it artistically with the highly colored wax.

Saturday night is a joyful one for the laboring people of that section of Chicago, so by eight o'clock we had our drygoods box placed on the corner of Halstead and Van Buren streets, I think, where there are hundreds of people passing all the time. A big torch was burning, and there I stood on top of the box all decked out in my "rentals," making the greatest speech of my life to the people who crowded around. I ended by saying, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, is the time, for there are only a few bottles of this wonderful compound left."

Anderson, who was standing in the middle of the crowd, elbowed his way to the front, planked fifty cents down on the box and at the same time remarking, "Give me a bottle of that; it is the only kind that ever done me any good." It is wonderful how

"A big Torch was Burning, and there I Stood on Top of the Box all Decked out in my Rentals."

(*Wanderlust*)

the sophisticated inhabitants of large cities can be fooled. This started them, and it wasn't long before our supply was exhausted. I returned the clothes to my friend Ikey, and the next day we were on our way to the real West, our tickets reading Yankton, South Dakota.

The morning we arrived in Yankton it was raining, so instead of going out to look for a job, we hung around one of the general mercantile establishments all the forenoon. We had only about twenty cents between us and we spent it for sardines and soda crackers. That afternoon we were successful in landing a job out on Brown's ranch, a distance of fifty miles from Yankton.

We leared that Brown had been wanting a couple of men for some time, and he had notified the manager of the store to the effect that if any stray ones came around his place of business to advise him and he would send in after them. The storekeeper put the proposition up to us and we accepted on the spot. We had to spend the night in Yankton, and he advanced us money with which to pay our lodging. The next morning, by break of day, we were on our way to the great ranch lands and those two little western horses attached to that light wagon were only about six hours in conveying us to "Brown's X," as it was generally known throughout the country of South Dakota.

Six long lonely months were enough on that ranch. There was only one incident of any importance during our stay at Brown's place in the heart of the range country of Dakota. A part of a letter received from my good friend Anderson not many

months ago will acquaint the reader with this little episode of mine. In recalling some of our past experiences, he writes: "Say, but didn't we make the eatables do the disappearing act, though, when we would come in after inhaling great draughts of Dakota ozone? And those cow-punchers were all good fellows—that is, all except Baker. I am at a loss to understand why he had it in for you, unless it was your unconscious 'hit' with that Parker girl, and I think he had designs on her himself. I believe that when he dared you to ride that 'bronco' without saddle, bridle, or stirrups, or anything else except a girth, that he hoped you would either be killed or permanently injured, for he seemed disappointed when you came out unscratched. Straddling the bare back of an 'outlaw' with a mean disposition is a darn tough proposition, especially as you have nothing to hold on to except the mane. I'll never forget the day Baker told the Bunch that after he had finished dinner he was going to show that 'college kid' a few things about the manly art, and when you came to, you would probably know something.

"When you came in the bunk house I had a hunch that there was going to be something doing of a disagreeable nature, and I was a trifle uneasy, as Baker was really an excellent specimen of physical manhood—but then so was Reynolds an excellent specimen of physical manhood, and, incidentally, the latter knew a few things about that 'manly art.'

"Truly, I gloated inwardly when, after he 'cussed you out,' and you proceeded to give him a little

"Straddling the Bare Back of an Outlaw is a Tough Proposition."

(*Wanderlust*)

practical demonstration of 'fist against face and face against floor,' and repeated the same until he had had enough.

" 'He was going to hit you.' Yes, the horrid, mean, cruel, brutal man. He hit your fist so hard with his jaw that the sheer force of it knocked him down. But he at least was man enough to apologize, and I noticed a marked change in him from that day on, a change in both countenance and manner."

Six months in the bad lands of Dakota had tanned me till I could hardly be told from an Indian. It did not affect Anderson so much for he was naturally dark skinned and the change was not so perceptible. I put on about twenty pounds while he added over ten. Six full months there had broadened, thickened and toughened us.

On our way back East we stopped over in St. Paul for several days, and there we blew in the little sums which represented six hard months' work at thirty dollars per. As the old fellow would say, "we did it brown," and had we not purchased through tickets to Chicago from Yankton, we never would have landed there seven days after leaving the ranch lands.

At any rate we landed in Chicago safe and sound, and not a sou between the two of us. On leaving St. Paul we had forty-two cents; forty cents we spent on the train for oranges, bananas and a couple of magazines, while the two cents was spent for a postage stamp. This stamp was used in mailing Anderson's letter, which he had written about a month before while we were doing the cowboy stunt.

When we alighted from the train we were truly

two wild looking men, for neither of us had sufficient or proper clothing. We had intended purchasing some garments in St. Paul during our stay there, but by the time we were ready to make our purchases we found that we were minus the cash capital required. Both of us wore sombreros, overalls and flannel shirts. Back in the Windy City and broke again! But this thought did not haunt us for we had grown accustomed to being in that condition, no longer embarrassing.

We proceeded to an Employment Agency, where we had a few months previously secured positions, and again we made application for jobs. "Just anything," for we were down and out and needed the money. We told the manager that we had had some experience as housemen and such a job would suit us well enough. He informed us that he had a call for a couple of men out on East End Avenue in the Hyde Park section, and that we might go out there and make application for the places.

We didn't have a darn cent to deposit with him for securing the places for us, so he decided to wait for his money till we had drawn our first week's wages. He said we looked pretty honest and that he would trust us for the four dollars. He further added that we looked more like bronco busters or prize fighters than we did like housemen. He 'phoned to the house on East End Avenue where they wanted the men and told them that we were coming out. From this particular Employment Agency to the house where we were to go it was a distance of eight miles so we had to hoof it out there, for neither of us had carfare.

"That Night we Slept on the Benches in Lincoln Park."

(*Wanderlust*)

Well, in short, we arrived there about dusk and were successful in securing the places as housemen for this millionaire. We were to begin work next morning, so we hit toward a restaurant where we got supper for carrying in about a ton of coal from the street to the third story of a cheap tenement house. That night we slept on the benches in Lincoln Park and at six the next morning were at our posts.

The work pleased us all right, for it was light and simply meant beating carpets, scrubbing floors, washing windows, mowing the lawns, polishing the brass on the doors, in fact merely carrying out the duties of an every day houseman.

We were working for the Coleridges. The old gentleman was a wealthy glass manufacturer, and for our services at this particular residence we received ten dollars per, meals included. Oh, we used to have some lively times.

One day, while busily engaged in the reception hall, scrubbing the marble stairway, I cast my peepers on the card tray, and, my curiosity being aroused, I "copped" a couple of invitations the postman had brought that morning. There were five in all, so I thought that two would be enough for Anderson and myself. When I went down in the basement to get some more clean rags from the laundry girl. Anderson was there engaged in sweeping. I gave him the wink and a nod, and when he came out we went back to the furnace room and examined the invitations to a dance which was to be given by Mrs. Ostrand at her residence on Cornell Avenue. We then and there decided to accept.

The time for this affair soon came around and we held our nerve for we were determined to do the Soldier of Fortune act once in our lives. The afternoon before the dance we stopped work about four o'clock and went to our room where there was some tall scrubbing, and much time spent on our rusty hides. This preliminary part of the toilet completed, we took a car downtown and there I made arrangements to rent a pair of pumps, silk hat, white kid gloves, full dress suit, top coat and the other necessary apparel. While I was getting fitted up in this establishment, Anderson busied himself in purchasing a few toilet articles.

We set out, I in my rented clothes, and he in his full dress uniform, which he had no right to wear. On turning the corner we hailed a cab and had the driver head toward Mr. Ostrand's. We drove swiftly up the driveway, alighted, and presented our cards of admission. Ten minutes later found us in the reception hall looking casually about, smiling and talking pleasantly to one another. I remarked that it was very strange that our friends were not there to receive us after our having received such a cordial invitation. Anderson ventured, "Well, indeed, it is embarrassing for us that our friends have neglected us so shamefully."

We saw that we were not making any progress standing there so we entered the big ball room, which was one lovely sight. The floral decorations were beautiful and the music rendered by the orchestra was perfect. The ball room was filled with beautiful women, who wore handsome gowns and precious jewels. We rubbed shoulders with the best of them

and my chance was not long in coming. We were rather to the side of the big folding doors leading to the reception hall. A couple of young ladies nearby were apparently engaged in some interesting topic of conversation. They had only been there a few moments when a young fellow walked up to them and addressing the brunette, said, "Why, how do you do, Miss Miles, how are you?" She greeted him cordially and he began to inquire about her people back in Iowa; how long she was going to be in Chicago, and a number of other questions. I overheard the whole conversation so I whispered to Anderson, "Well, old man, this is my chance, lie low and watch your Uncle Dudley."

I left his side and an instant later I was standing face to face with the young lady whose name was Miles. Approaching her, I extended my hand in a most familiar manner, and at the same time said, "Why, Miss Miles, how are you, how are your folks in Iowa? What a delightful time we had at the last dance."

She looked at me in a doubtful sort of way and replied, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe I remember you."

"Condon," I volunteered, and then she smiled sweetly and said, "Oh, yes, certainly I remember you, Mr. Condon, how stupid of me to have forgotten."

I pretended I had met her out in Iowa at a dance and she never knew the difference or even suspected me in the least. She introduced me to the blonde with whom she had been conversing and shortly afterward I motioned Anderson over to where we were

standing and presented him as my young friend who had recently graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy and was spending only a few days in Chicago awaiting his assignment to a ship.

Well, we met these two girls and they in turn introduced us to others, and before we departed we had sipped and chatted and danced with many. We avoided the hostess of the evening very cleverly, and as luck would have it none of our new acquaintances were so rude as to inquire who invited us.

There was one little incident of the evening which was the biggest piece of nerve I have ever seen displayed on any occasion. It was after the fifth dance that we spied the two Coleridge girls sitting over beneath some palms in the rear of the ball room. Anderson walked over to where they were, and introducing himself, he struck up a conversation with these fair ones of our own household. They certainly did stare at that young cadet and when he signaled me over, and in a most diplomatic manner, "May I present Mr. Condon?" the girls appeared as though they knew not what to say.

Two days later Mrs. Coleridge overheard a conversation between her daughter Aileen and Anderson. He was lovemaking, and she said, "O, Will, I knew all the time that you would fulfill my dream."

During the three weeks we had been there this devil Anderson had been making eyes at "Miss Aileen," as the servants spoke of her, and it ended as most stories do; they saw, he loved, and she conquered. On hearing this astounding conversation, Mrs. Coleridge promptly dismissed us from service.

Out of a job again! Well, what did we care? We

had been in that identical fix a score of times before.

Two weeks later found us in Ohio as representatives for a publishing company, that sounds so much better than "just book agents," where came the "doing" of Fostoria, Tiffin, and last but not least, Fremont.

I can still remember those samples of front door eloquence, which we used to reel off to all the mothers. I shall never forget one instance in particular when I was telling a mother these books were worth their bulk in diamonds, their weight in gold, or some words to that effect, when I happened to look across at Anderson and beheld his countenance, usually stoical on such occasions, distorted in a good-natured grin. I exploded in laughter, tried unsuccessfully to apologize, then, not wishing to make myself any more ridiculous than I could help, bolted for the screen door, slammed it after me, and left one William B. Anderson of Brooklyn, to make the best of the situation, while I lowered the record for a hundred yard dash down the street. But the best part of it was that he was more than equal to the occasion, and sold her a set of books.

We were representatives of the Students' Reference Work, an encyclopedia in a nut shell, so to speak, condensed for the use of school children. During ten days as representatives of this publishing house we found two purchasers.

We would stroll up to a house, rap, and on being confronted by the lady of the house we would promptly ask her if she had children in the public schools. As soon as we asked about her children, she would become interested,

thinking we were school authorities, and then invite us inside. Once seated in the house we would approach the subject of the child's advancement by degrees, and then when the time came I would bring to view a prospectus of the book, which I carried concealed under my coat. We had to practice deceit to gain admittance to the houses, for if ever any of them saw a book agent approachng they would let you stand there till doom's day without answering the bell.

Next came Toledo, Ohio, where we thought we'd try a Thespian career, so we shanghaied into that unknown aggregation of "hamfatters." Looking ahead we could see ourselves in the limelight, actors, "stars," if you please, at a salary of $1,000 the week, and all that sort of thing; the rude awakening came later. The cynical manager, rejoicing in the name of Hoppstein, still owes yours truly a certain little sum for services rendered in a thinking part, notwithstanding the fact that I have jogged his memory several times with a few please remits.

It was in Toledo that we separated, Anderson beating it towards the West, while I struck out for home. Before leaving Toledo, Anderson served a week as "barker" for a refreshment stand and side-show of the "Feast and Furies" company. I was in Toledo for his first day's performance, and as I looked at that noisy, brazen barker, I hazily remembered that a few months before I had seen this same individual in Cadet navy blue, jauntily marching on dress parade.

We had been together nine months, sharing each others joys and sorrows. Each found a good com-

panion in the other, and it was hard to separate. However, before departing, we signed a pledge to meet again on the Pacific Coast. This pledge was to the effect that we would meet in the Post Office of Palo Alto, California, on January 5th, between the hours of twelve and one. If it so happened that it was impossible for either of us to get there, we were to inform the other by wire or letter, stating the cause of delay and also advising date of arrival. With this pledge signed and sealed, we parted in the month of August:

CHAPTER V.

THE four months during which I was separated from my dear old pal soon passed. My time at home that fall was taken up in literary and athletic circles.

Christmas came and the day was drawing near for my departure to the Pacific Coast where I was pledged to meet my friend.

I left on the day following Christmas and arrived in San Francisco January 4th, the day before the cherished reunion. En route I spent pleasant short stops in St. Louis, Kansas City, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the petrified forest.

The morning of January 4th, I crawled out of my bed in a Frisco hotel feeling that within a few hours there was to be a happy reunion. On inquiry I learned that Palo Alto was only an hour's ride from 'Frisco, a distance of forty-four miles. The train was scheduled to depart at eleven o'clock so a short while before eleven I boarded the car in front of my hotel for the Townsend Street Station. As ill luck would have it, I arrived at the Station just five minutes after the train for Palo Alto had departed. I learned that the next train would not leave till three o'clock, so I promptly despatched a message, which read:

MR. WILLIAM ANDERSON,
Palo Alto, California:
Missed train; meet you same place four o'clock.
JACK.

I waited around the station till three o'clock that afternoon. We arrived in Palo Alto on time, four o'clock. When the train had come to a standstill, I hastily left the car and proceeded by direction to the Post Office. Palo Alto is but a small University town of some three thousand inhabitants, and as a consequence, I had little trouble in locating the said office.

As I entered the door my heart sank within me, for Anderson was not there. This disappointment quite upset me and I hardly knew just what to do. I walked over to the General Delivery window and inquired for my mail. Not a line!

I then hurried to the telegraph office and asked if a message had been received there about four hours previous from San Francisco addressed to one William Anderson, and whether or not the message had been called for by the person to whom it had been addressed. The operator replied in the negative, so then I inquired whether or not there was a message there for Jack Rand. No, was the reply again. I truly had never felt so badly in my life, for after looking forward to this meeting for so long a time, I had to be disappointed. I really did not know what to do, for I had ridden all the way across the continent to meet my old friend, and he had apparently gone back on me. I thought at least he would have kept his pledge and written me of his delay, but, alas! not even that.

Anderson and I had planned to take a course in law at Leland Stanford University which is located half a mile from Palo Alto, but after this bitter disappointment, I did not care to stay, and especially

after I learned from the registrar of the University that I could only take up two courses in law at that particular time of the semester.

I remained in Palo Alto some days, thinking perhaps that by some miracle he might turn up later. But no such good fortune.

Later I returned to 'Frisco where I spent a month in trying to obtain suitable employment. I did not have an over supply of cash capital, and consequently, after a few fastidious parties, I found my cash on hand sheet getting very short.

One morning I sat down on the side of my bed to count my little over, and found that I was the possessor of five one dollar bills and a five dollar note. Gee! but this looked pretty bad for me, and I began to wonder what I was going to do when the money ran out. After finishing my breakfast that morning I glanced over the 'Help Wanted" columns and my eye stopped on "Sailors wanted. Ships sailing for Australia, India, China and the Orient. Apply Humboldt House." I felt that I would not experience any trouble in securing a place on any one of the steamers as I had with me an able-bodied seaman's certificate, which I had earned plying up and down the South African coast.

In the afternoon I strolled down to the Humboldt House, situated in the heart of the sailor quarter, and on making application to the booking clerk of the office, I was not long in signing up for a voyage to Sidney, Australia, and back by way of Hong Kong, China. The thought of a trip through the East pleased me highly, so I walked down to where the "Britisher" was docked and went aboard. I

spent half an hour on her and when leaving told the "bowswain" that I would be back the next morning with my outfit.

The "Britisher" sailed the following afternoon, but it sailed without one Jack Rand, for I actually would not have made the trip on that old shell had they made me captain of her. Every hand on the boat was a Chinaman with the exception of the Captain, First Officer, Engineer and the "Bowswain." Those ugly looking Chinamen with their long pigtails hanging down their bony backs, and keen edged knives stuck securely in their belts did not look any too good to me.

The night I remember as well as if it was only yesterday. I left my hotel shortly after supper and headed toward Golden Gate Avenue. It was a damp night and I wanted to mingle with the people, hear the music of the dance halls, and maybe trip the fantastic myself, for I was homesick and lonely. My little pocket account was still decreasing, and I really did not feel the toughness of the position I was playing till that evening when I found my earthly belongings in the coin line amounted to four dollars and fifty-five cents.

Three thousand miles away from home with a bad cold, four dollars and fifty-five cents, hotel bill due, not a single friend or acquaintance to turn for assistance. I strolled down Golden Gate Avenue with hands dug deep in my pockets, coat collar turned up and hat pulled down over my eyes, for it had just begun to drizzle rain and the breeze from the sea was biting and penetrating. As I strolled along I saw on almost every side big life-size placards, and pic-

tures of Jimmie Boyles, the Amateur Champion of the Pacific Coast, who was booked to fight that night at the Dreamland Skating Rink.

Well, as I had gone through with almost all my money in the past week, I thought I might as well spend the balance, so I planked down a dollar and gained a general admission to the Dreamland where the fights were to be pulled off that night. There were six round contests on the programme and the big fight between Jimmie Boyles and whoever wished to try him out would be the last one fought.

In 'Frisco at that time they only allowed them to go six rounds, and that night there were some hot six rounders in the Dreamland. It was the first time I had ever witnessed any of the fights in the West, and I enjoyed seeing them pound each other, emphasis on the "pound each other." When the first six fights had been completed the ring manager stood on the platform and announced through a big megaphone that any one who would come up and fight Jimmie Boyles, the amateur champion of the Pacific coast, and stay in the ring with him the six rounds, that a purse of one hundred dollars would be awarded. Jimmie stood proudly leaning against the ropes, at the same time bowing to his admirers, as the yeller made the announcement from all sides of the platform.

Several volunteered, but were ruled out on account of being classed as professionals. For a while it looked as though they were not going to be able to get Jimmie a fighting companion. As I stood there, I thought, "Well, I am a darn long way from home and this chance looks good to me, although I'm not

much of a bruiser." Suddenly I raised my hand above my head and yelled to the man on the platform that I would fight his Jimmie Boyles. Those standing close to me turned and looked, while the eyes of the whole audience fell my way. I pushed through the excited mob of spectators and ascended to the platform, where I introduced myself, "Jack Condon from Richmond, Va." I was not long in establishing my amateurship, and after being introduced to the huge assemblage, I repaired to the dressing room.

I was then weighing one hundred and seventy pounds stripped, and when I walked out on that platform in regular fighting costume I felt like a turkey nearing the axe. I appeared wrapped in a brown blanket and took my seat in one corner, while Jimmie sat opposite me. A trainer sat on either side, one rubbing my arms with alcohol, while the other was saying, "Now, kid, don't git skeered, but hit the devil hard. You're goin' to win, for I feel it in the dust. Ah, git out, what are all these pretty muscles for if you can't lick that Jimmie over there with only one hundred and thirty-five to hit yer with?"

The gong rang. I threw aside my robe and walked to the center of the ring. I was so scared I could hardly breathe; there was a great big lump in my throat and my knees were a bit shaky. Those knees of mine did not get very weak till I got right up to that Jimmie and saw his face. He had freckles, and I have always been afraid of a freckled face man. They say they are mean and will fight like the devil; now I know they are mean and also know that they will fight like hell.

We shook hands, and as I prepared to take my position and make a grand stand show, he piled me one right square in the right eye. This stunned me for a moment and I could see only stars. When I regained self-control I was the maddest I have ever been in all my life. I gritted my teeth and went at that one hundred and thirty-five pounder as a buzz saw goes after a knotty log. He was apparently knotty and I intended to cut some of them out. The gong sounded—end of the first round. By this time my eye had swollen so badly I couldn't see from it at all. Five more rounds!

During the second bout I hit that fellow a few good ones and I knocked him down more than once with those big long railers, as they term them back in North Carolina. Along about the fourth round I saw that he was going to get the better of me and put me out of commission if I didn't protect myself. Then I decided to keep away from him as much as possible, and in the sixth round he was chasing me around the ring like one rooster does another in the pit. Whenever he cornered me I would clinch with him, and as a consequence the official would necessarily consume some time in breaking us. I cared not how long it took to separate us, for my game was a time killing one. I only wanted to last the six rounds so I would be able to get my purse, for such was my only salvation.

The very last of the sixth round he forced me to the ropes, and just as the gong rang he drove me a straight from the right shoulder which landed squarely on my eye. This blow sent me over the ropes of the platform and I fell to the floor, twelve

feet below. I remember distinctly that terrific punch, but I do not remember having hit the floor. The next morning I was barely able to see, for both eyes were swollen dreadfully and my poor head was paining terribly. Two swollen eyes and a big knot on the head was enough. On awakening my first question was, "Did I win?"

"You sure did," replied one of the fellows in the training quarters, for it was there I had spent the night. I secured my hundred, and two days later I was on a Southern Pacific sleeper bound for my home back in dear old North Carolina.

For several weeks after my return I waited and wondered what had become of Anderson. He had failed to turn up at the appointed place, at the appointed time, and he had even neglected to write me. I had just about given him up for dead when one day I received a letter from him informing me why he had not shown up on January 5th in Palo Alto, and also explaining why he had not written or wired me as agreed. It thoroughly vindicated him. There seemed to be some "hoodoo" about his existence for having unusual things happen to him, and as a consequence he was always doing the unexpected.

His letter read:

Pueblo, Colo.

My Dear Jack:

As I commence this letter, old man, I feel very much like a prisoner with an excellent case of circumstantial evidence against him, striving to vindicate himself, and at the same time knowing the task to be an extremely difficult one.

Now, you have doubtless wondered why I didn't live up to the mutual agreement, didn't let you know imme-

diately of anything which turned up to prevent me from doing so, and, strangest of all, why I haven't written you long before this.

Now, Jack, I am going to try to explain, although it is a mighty hard thing to do on paper, but before I begin, I want to remind you that while you and I have peddled a goodly portion of the warm oxygen together, that I have always been "on the square" with you, as I trust you have with me: so don't think that I've taken this from one of last century's novels, for every word of it is gospel truth, so help me God!

I will begin with the minor things leading up to the climax and grand finale, so that you can more fully comprehend it. You see, old man, I went back to Dakota with the purpose of earning money and saving it. I surely earned it with the sweat of my brow, as the "Good Book" says, but it was the old, old story. It slipped through my fingers. Well, I went from Arlington to Huron. Work then was beginning to get rather scarce, but I went to a boarding place, and by a straightforward story secured board in advance. Then, for a time, I managed to get just about enough work to liquidate my weekly board bills. Finally the thing petered out about altogether, but I was given credit for a week. During that week of hanging around I waxed loquacious, and revealed a little of my past history. That made it good for another week. Then I told them that I expected money from home, which I did. I then wrote for twenty-five dollars, which I received in company with a lengthy sermon, and paid fifteen dollars out for board, leaving me with a miserable little ten dollar bill.

Now, in the good old halycon days at the Academy we used to convert our language phonographs into roulette wheels, and in recreation hours—and not infrequently in study hours—gamble for requisitions. We agreed that all the fellows who should be "ousted" from the Academy should be paid cash, if winner, as the "reqs" would be useless to them.

Our room was raided by upper class men one day, and the thing found out, but as the midshipman in charge was certain of "bilging" himself, he didn't report us, but simply gave us unofficial hell instead. Well, when the game was broken up, a certain Rogers of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in debt to yours truly to the extent of twenty-five dollars. I made a hurried departure from Annapolis, and furthermore

I didn't care to mention such a then trifling thing to Rogers, as I had between five and six hundred dollars.

Well, you know how we arranged it—went to Pittsburg, then to Chicago, and due principally to your good management, we never got to the stage where I had to ask for it. Every letter Hardin wrote me how he really believed Rogers meant to pay, and all that sort of thing. To make a long story brief, Rogers never was man enough to offer to close the little "debt of honor," and I was too proud to ask him. When leaving Huron, though, I wrote him a letter asking him to send it, in part or in full, to Omaha, Nebraska; I depended on his honor and started out. Went to Sioux City, Iowa, on a cattle pass and left most of my capital there. When I took an acount of my coin, found that I possessed less than three dollars, and the fare to Omaha was three dollars and fifteen cents. I went to the Bureau of Information, and found that I could go to Blair, Neb., for amount on hand. Accordingly, I paid passage to Blair, trusting to luck to catch a freight train out of Blair, and I figured that even if this failed I could walk it, the distance being only twenty-four miles.

Arriving at Blair, broke, I slept in the depot over-night —Christmas Eve—think of it! Woke up Christmas Day without a cent, and feeling like the wrath of God. Oh, yes, it was a merry, merry Christmas. Finding that no freight trains were running on account of holiday, I soliloquized, "Well, William B. Anderson, ex-midshipman, United States Navy, it's up to you to make the best of your way via 'the hoof' to Omaha, so get thee busy at once."

I knew, or thought I knew, I would find a money order for twenty-five dollars there. Arrived in Omaha about dusk, footsore and weary, and went at once to the P. O., only to find to my intense anger and chagrin that it was "Closed on Account of Holiday."

I marched on the double quick to a Western Union Telegraph office, and scribbled a lengthy telegram for funds. I was told that it would have to be "O. K.'d" by the manager before it could be sent Collect—so I waited three hours or thereabouts before that personage finally materialized. The long wait didn't tend to calm my general feelings of irascibility. I handed the form to him, and after half scrutinizing it, he told me that he couldn't pass on it and have the risk of its not making good at the other end, but if I would cut out about three-fourths of it, he

would. Now, I knew that every single little word was absolutely necessary, and tried to reason with him, but to no end. Then all the bad, irascible, ruffled feelings that had accumulated within me for the last couple of days surged forth, and I read the riot act to him as it had never been read before. I never thought I was capable of such a supply of inventive. It did no good, of course, and ended in my being shown the door by the uniformed attendant.

I went to the Postal Telegraph with almost the identical result, so broke, but not in spirit, I walked the streets till morning, and then sat in a saloon till business opened up and I could get my bearings. I went to the Post Office as soon as it opened, asked for my mail, but received a brief "Nothing." I went to an employment agency and asked for a job in a restaurant, having had nothing to appease my hunger for more than a day. Told him I'd make good when I got paid. He wouldn't do business on those grounds, but said he had received a 'phone call for a man to beat carpets just for the day, and that if I wanted that, he wouldn't charge me anything. I wanted it all right. I reasoned, "Well, within two weeks I'll be attending college, but Jack and I did it once when we were up against it, so it's good enough for me now and nobody need ever know."

I went to the address handed me, a private family of the middle class, and applied. A good looking young woman brought me a line and a couple of carpet beaters, and I smiled as I thought of the time you and I used to utilize them. At noon she showed me where to wash, invited me to lunch, and really treated me elegantly. She asked me my name, and a whole lot more, and then told me that she and her mother rather liked my looks, and wished I'd stay and sleep in the vacant house to which they intended moving, and help the men transfer the different articles from one house to another. I had intended staying the one day only, thus getting sufficient to send home for outfit and fare to Palo Alto, but she didn't understand my case, of course. She thought she was doing me a favor, and as she "looked awfully good to me," I stayed, and that's really the beginning of the story proper, the former part being merely prelude.

At night the young woman's husband came home. He's head broker for one of the largest packing houses, and she told him about it. He was a little insignificant runt

with a glass eye, and the tip of his olfactory organ betokened more than a speaking acquaintance with beverages of an alcoholic nature. He was pleasant at first, but he by no means approved of his wife's interest in me. She probably regarded me as a mere child, but I liked to think otherwise. He stayed at home the next day "to help move" of course. He made several significant remarks, such as, "Your hands don't look like those of a laboring man," "You say you're from Richmond, Va., but you haven't much Southern accent." "It's funny one with your control of languages, and apparent education should be beating carpets." I knew he wasn't saying this to peddle my good qualities to his pretty little spouse, the shrimp, so I at once suspected that he possessed a streak for amateur detective work.

Well, I helped him move, and he watched me as a cat does a mouse, but I didn't blame him, as he had several articles of value among his stuff. We had most of the articles moved by night, but as things were strewn around in topsy-turvy fashion in the new house, he concluded to remain in the old apartments that night.

He sent me after two keys, for the front and back doors of the new house, and said he would pay me and dismiss me when I returned. I went to the locksmith's and got the two keys, but—well, you know how careless and absent minded I am, and when I returned I'll be damned if I could find but one of them—I had lost the other. Then he as much as told me that I had hidden the key or given it to an accomplice, so that I could go over and unlock the door of the new house and help myself, and that it strengthened his convictions all along that I didn't work for a living.. That sure made me hot under the collar, and I got eloquent and told him that his theories were preposterous in the extreme, and that I was well aware of the fact that I was no Hercules, but if it were not for the kind treatment of his wife, I'd thrash him right there. I got warm and excited and reached in my pocket for my handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration. That little fool must have misunderstood my purpose, for then, old man, honest Injun, cross my heart, he ran over to the dresser, took a loaded revolver from the drawer, and fired. The bullet went through the glass back of me with a racket capable of waking the dead. His wife fainted, I rushed him, and hit him a left hook that would have broken any punching machine manufactured.

This sounds rather boastful, considering my slight build, but I was in a heat, and it meant a whole lot to me how hard I hit him. That cowardly whelp then let out a blood curdling yell, and went down, and I realized what a fix I was in. The shot and yell must have attracted the attention of passing pedestrians, for they all gathered in front of the house. Not wishing my name to be given so much publicity in an affair of that calibre, I took the bunch of letters in my inside pocket, went over to the range and threw them in, just as a cop appeared on the scene. Seeing the state of things, the cop hit me over the head with his nightstick, and after viewing at close range planets, heavenly satellites and other decorations of the firmanent, I must have collapsed; when I revived, I had on a pair of handcuffs, and the little measly runt was concluding his one-sided story.

Well, then, for the first time in my life, but not the last, as you will see later, I was arrested. Went up before the judge next A.M., and, to condense my story, the kernel of the judge's remarks to me was that I looked young and unlike a criminal, but as I had burned my letters, thereby admitting carrying a fictitious name, and was also in a strange town with no visible means of support, he would have to convict me of vagrancy, and concluded his remarks by saying that he hoped it would teach me a lesson. Thirty days! My God! don't attempt to imagine my feelings.

Well, there's a whole lot more I could tell you, but that's the principal part, and improbable as it all sounds, that's the true story of the successive links of evidence which resolved themselves into the complete chain of circumstantial evidence which kept me away from Palo Alto. I had a crumpled postal in my pocket, and penciled on it "Don't condem me, Jack, until you hear my story." and begged a negro to mail to you for me. I addressed it to you at Palo Alto, California, but I doubt if you ever received it, as when I got out a couple of weeks later, your letter awaited me at the Post Office, forwarded from Huron, and you didn't say anything about having received the postal card.

Well, the judge visited me during my confinement, and drew out of me my real name and address, but none of my past history or future plans, and he at once surmised that I was some kid who had rambled from home and mother, so he wrote my father a lengthy letter, the tenor

of which was that a boy claiming to be his son was confined in that city on a charge of vagrancy, and that while the boy was bright and intelligent, he was most assuredly on the wrong path of life. He believed that a kindly interest by my parents, manifested at this time, would work wonders in transforming me into a future good and useful citizen. He further added that his advice would be to send either my railroad ticket home, or sufficient capital to start me out on some new project, as he really believed the young man meant well.. Pending an answer to his letter he would keep me apart from the toughs and general habitués of the bull pen.

Now he read this note to me, and while it appealed to my sense of humor, I couldn't imagine what would happen if he sent it, so I fairly begged him not to do so, telling him that my folks thought I was doing well, and I promised more things than I can think of, so he didn't mail the letter, but instead let me out a couple of weeks after my arrest.

When I received your letter I was much disheartened to see the Asheville post mark, as it told me that you had taken the trip across the continent for nothing at all—and also, old man, while your letter was more polite and courteous than could be expected under such circumstances, I could see between the lines all that you left unsaid and what you thought of me, and that the letter was lacking in the old time enthusiasm, but God, old man, I couldn't help it, and can never express in words the sorrow I feel in having disappointed you.

When I left the Academy, and left Reordan behind, I thought that I could never again find a friend who understood me so well, or who was understood so well by me, but a few weeks later I was pleasantly surprised, and I know up to last January you possessed a kindred feeling and had faith in me. Probably you may have some idea of the way I feel at having deadened the feeling of one whom I considered my warmest friend, yourself, when you recollect that the chief thing I have done or tried to do thus far in life is making friends, and keeping their good regards. Had I enjoyed less, I'd be at Annapolis today.

Every acquaintance of mine from Chicago to Pueblo, by way of Huron, has heard of you through me, but I can't say enough by letter to make me feel right, so I'll knock off, but if you'll answer at once telling me that it is all

right, and mean it, you'll make me feel a whole lot better. I am fully aware of the trouble, expense and annoyance I caused you. God knows any one would have had their faith shaken, and most people would have sent me a letter that would have fairly scorched the paper. To think that after looking forward to the time for months, with the greatest of pleasure, that something unforseen should turn up that couldn't have disappointed you more had I plotted the whole thing out in advance! And, take it from me, that I was never more disappointed. But this talk doesn't relieve my feelings.

Well, I sent home for fifty dollars, which came in due time, as I didn't wire, but wrote explaining full particulars, but, needless to say, I didn't tell them of the arrest, as I'd never had the nerve to face them again if I had. With this money I purchased a ticket to Denver, Colorado, and from Denver here. I am working as assistant timekeeper in the Open Hearth Division of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Works, but I got my foot slightly burned, and intend to quit and go to El Paso, and from there to Mexico. Almost had my ticket bought when I made the acquaintance of a man named Straight, who has a son at the Academy, and he is one of the grand high Moguls in this town, with boundless influence, both political and otherwise. He has promised me something good, so I've changed my mind, but I may change it again before long and travel.

Well, old man, I have been dreading and deferring it, but now the explanation is over with, thank God, and I await with anxiety the verdict.

Goodby, old man, tell me all about yourself and your plans when you write, and let that be soon, then I'll answer at once.

With best regards, I remain,

Your old pard,

WILLIAM B. ANDERSON.

Needless to say, I forthwith informed Anderson it was "all right," and our careers since then have proved that our mutual disappointment was for the best.

THE END.